



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

HEROES! I cannot remember when I heard about so many heroes as I have recently. I refused Fox's "Book of Martyrs" because the pictures made me sick, and I have never found reason to accept the theory of heroism except on perfectly natural and physical and mental planes. Now that we have received our heroes, it seems to me prudent for those who are fathers of families and have much to do with the education of the young, to somewhat reduce this "hero" business. Heroism is large or small according to the estimate of the hero-worshipper. The bank-robber, the "Seventeen-toed Scout of the Demon's Glen," the detective, the criminal who escapes from Dartmouth, the terrible man who does an unmentionable something and is supernaturally punished or condoned—all these people are apt to be heroes. It seems reasonable that we ought to define heroism so that the school-boys of this country may not mistake the adventurer and the notoriety-hunter and the person who has passed through certain experiences which involve danger, as characters which should be emulated. It certainly does not follow that because a man has escaped death which he invited, or escaped dishonor which he had probably incurred, he should have the crown of either heroism or notoriety. Some one once said that the woman without a history was most fortunate, so I think it ought to be now written after the blare of trumpets and the marvellous exemplification of the energy which people have to spare, and for a vent of which they seemed unable to arrange, that the most commonplace person who apparently does no good and does no harm, is, after all, the most desirable unit in our civilization.

The unrecorded heroism of the man and the woman without a history, if published would break the hearts of those who think they have written histories. The cruel, reckless song of the "Blow that almost killed father" is only an indication of what happens amongst commonplace people. The songs that we hear sung, many of them unmusical and certainly without literary merit, are the voices of people who suffer and struggle. It is much easier to go out and be shot than to be assaulted on the street or starved in a garret. I am making this little protest because I think that the youths of this country should be taught to understand that there is nothing better that can be adopted as a policy than being usual. The thing that has happened, the thing that must happen, is nothing more than the usual. We must obey legitimate orders, be patriotic and loyal, without any suggestion that the doing of these things is more than should be expected of us. The screaming of the populace, the extraordinary demonstrations made for people who have done nothing more than any of us should have done, and which none of us would perhaps refuse to do if it is to be hoped, is the creation of a false and ephemeral notion that in the large community there are a few heroes and a lot of very commonplace and unwholesome "dubs." As a matter of fact, separate the whole of us from our physical or family disabilities, all would be alike in the same great procession for the Empire's good. To create heroes of a few, to make a wooden god out of a thing that should be a part of a man's conscience, is to make a very great mistake, and the sooner the Canadian press drops the subject the better.

IN the United States the fight against the Nicaragua canal is assuming such proportions that we may safely predict that the present generation in Canada and Great Britain need have no fear of finding their trade disturbed by the new route to the East. The threatened abrogation of treaties and the discarding of all written and understood relations between the United States and Great Britain on account of the canal, may, therefore, be treated in a light spirit. The transcontinental railroads and everyone who will be affected on the Pacific Coast by a change of the transportation system, and in the Middle and Western States by taxation, seem to have found Senators and Congressmen to voice their grievances in Washington. It is a question in the minds of all except Eastern people whether the canal would be a good thing for the United States. It is quite as much of a question whether the fortification of the canal would not introduce a costly and offensive policy by which the United States would be the greatest losers. In the British press and throughout the Canadian newspapers I think it is to be found the one general tone that nothing should be yielded to the United States under the present circumstances in the matter of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, except that which cannot be maintained. The whole drift of the argument in the United States seems to be in the direction of offering so much local resistance that such opposition, combined with that of Great Britain and Canada, will be sufficient to prevent a new development of the idea that the United States has born to control this continent and has somehow obtained permission to put up a semaphore forbidding all other nations to come in on the siding or to cross their track.

THOSE who cannot quite understand the motive of the "Globe" in sighing for a railroad commission and a different railway tariff schedule for Canada, can at least understand that such a thing is necessary. The independent press and leading Liberal papers, like the Montreal "Witness," when they see the "Globe" spreading its feathers for a readjustment of the freight charges which the Crow's Nest Pass deal was supposed to have equalized, naturally enough think that there must be a "hen on." It would be a pitiful and painful state of affairs to presume that the "Globe" while it is acting as the Dominion organ of the governing party, is looking for favors for itself or those who constitute its board. It is not a breaking away from the constraint of party bias within itself to say, as several Montreal papers have said, that there is a suspicion that the Liberal party in this province is being used for a few people whose selfishness is digging the ditch into which the whole bunch must fall. The natural disinclination to be turned into such a ditch is leading many Liberals who must, if anybody does, contribute to the next provincial election, to take a purely clammy view of the situation and let those who are liable to win out do the work. This is not a good political condition for the Liberal party, though of course that is their funeral, not mine. Those who are to be the beneficiaries of new conditions may obtain a very great and valuable reward from the Dominion Government, but they must necessarily suffer a severe rebuke from the people of this province, if not of other provinces. If Mr. Ross, who is presumably directing his own campaign in Ontario, approves of this sort of political management, he is certainly less of a provincial general than we had esteemed him to be.

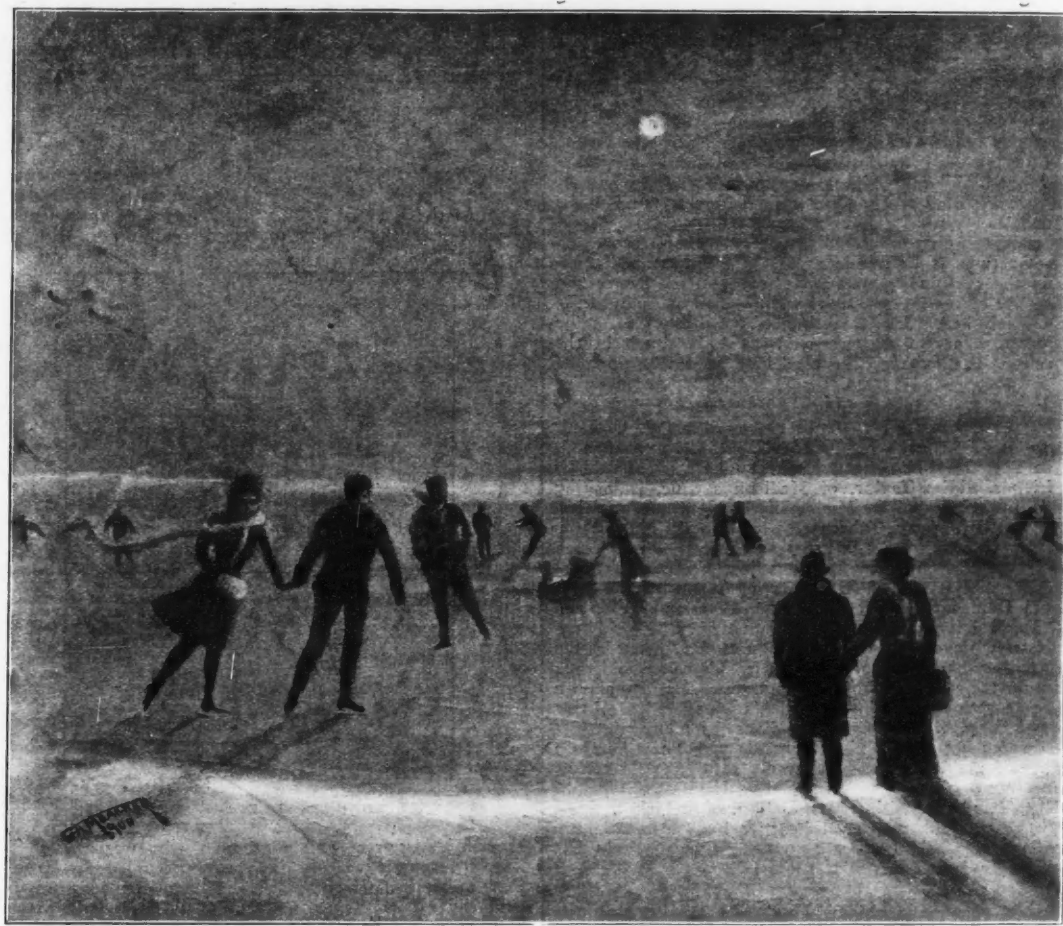
It does not so much matter whether things are true or not, but it does matter what people believe is true. If the general public, by any mis-step of either Mr. Ross or his organ, are led to believe that persons few in number and unimportant as to the control of this province are to be the sole beneficiaries of the Liberal party, and are to be entirely regarded, so many thousand voters will step out of line that something is liable to happen. Nothing can so disintegrate a party as a general and growing belief that the whole machinery of it is being worked for a select few. It may be that the proprietors of the machinery

and those who desire benefits are in control of party workings, but it does not follow that the masses will fall in behind them and deliver the goods which appear, to some at least, to be traded off with a recklessness which is not either for the good of the national party or the personal good of any of those outside of the clique for whom the whole of the Liberal press is asked to speak in glowing terms. The "glowing term" business is pretty nearly played out when the glowing goods go in such select and confined channels that even the uninitiated can easily reckon, before appointment, the arrival and departure of every political prize. The revolt at which "La Patrie" hints, if there is one—and it is not at all impossible—will not be caused by those who clamor for office, but by those who demand some reasonable recognition of the fact that the Liberal party of Ontario shall not consist of three or four people who sit in public and private in charge of everything that Liberalism has to dispose of, entirely thoughtless of the thousands of critics who feel that these are not legitimate things in which to trade, and that the vast power of a party should not be utilized to make them marketable.

Such a trucking conception of the rank and file of the Liberal party is incompatible with the facts. A more difficult or heterogeneous association could not be imagined. The tendency to follow a leader whether right or wrong is not found amongst those who gave a victory in Ontario to Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896, and reversed it in 1900. It may be possible that the whole Liberalism of the Do-

ing this, we as a people have paid out money for iron and steel equipments which has gone to Belgium, the United Kingdom and the United States, in such fabulous amounts that to quote them here would be simply to disturb the public reason. We are now discovering that we can become one of the greatest iron and steel producing peoples of the world. We are also discovering, so says the "Globe," that the roads that we have built and paid for and handed over to corporations which are not controlled by the Government, are so tyrannical in their methods that other enterprises which railroad development should produce are paralyzed. We find that subsidies given to one road to oppose the monopoly of another are only used to make more rigid and uncontrollable the whole freight and passenger tariff which dominates the production and settlement of the great lands which are so frequently and frivolously called "the people's heritage" that it is hard, without a smile, to use the term.

Should we discover true the charge of the intensely selfish attitude of those who are the beneficiaries of a great party, and are supposed to be the mouthpiece of the governing body, we might be at a loss for the moment as to how to rectify "mistakes" which even governments and their friends make, and which are doubtless the pawns used in making political kings. The situation is one which Ontario particularly has to recognize, and the operations of those who propose either to further or to destroy the situation as it now exists should be watched with intense interest.



JACK FROST'S HOUSE WARMING.

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. O. A. MEAGHER.

minion is organized on more marketable lines, but the real Liberal is a man who has an opinion and is willing to back it only so long as he feels that he is not being used as a fragment in something like a horse trade. The tendency of the time is to cultivate that independence of thought which cannot be utilized as a something to be "swapped." There is no instinct stronger in the Anglo-Saxon race than that of the resentment which follows the feeling that one has been "had." If the "Globe" and those who are organizing Mr. Ross's campaign would be kind enough to state candidly exactly what the hen is expected to lay, they would avoid further complications.

CANADA has arrived at a period in its development which forbids the building of houses and railways into which the people enter not in. Henceforth it should be the policy of the Governments, Dominion and Provincial, to own those railroads for which they pay. The proposition on its face looks reasonable, and upon investigation we find it true. The growing tendency to combine great interests to control both production and the output of what is being produced, necessitates the handling of all goods necessary to the support of the people by those whom the people can, in some respect at least, influence. It is idle to imagine that any one person or any corporation will for any considerable period remain free from the advantages of the pooling and monopolizing influences of other dominant corporations or individuals. We know that the fights which temporarily produce good results for shippers, in the end produce iron-clad agreements between transportation companies which make the individual entirely impotent. We have had much talk in Canada about marketing our goods at freight charges which would make them competitive factors in Great Britain. It may as well be admitted that this cannot be done without Government control. No one man, no faction of a government, no section of the people, can control the corporations who are engaged in the transportation business. The whole outfit must be handled as a concern supported by the community, and must be controlled by the community. It is as plain as the nose on one's face that this can only be done through Government control. If a government is so weak that it cannot control the railways, or so venal that it permits the railroads to control it, we must recognize the situation and make possible a different condition of affairs.

Canada has given to railroads marvellous subsidies. Though it possessed coal and iron, it never demanded that those who considered themselves sufficient to manage these great enterprises should manufacture here at home the iron over which their cars should run. If at the beginning of Confederation the Dominion and Provincial Governments had agreed to iron the roads which they subsidized—as a rule the cost of the rails was considered as a reasonable bonus—and had thus enabled Canadian manufacturers to produce the article, there is not the slightest doubt that this would have long ago been one of the greatest iron and steel producing countries of the world. Instead of

There are railroads which have been heavily subsidized which are said to be unable to work out their schemes. These should be taken over by the Government rather than aided to completion, thus making a finality of a condition of things which will leave the people helpless.

What has been spent on railroads by those who cannot secure their completion should be repaid them and the railroads assumed by the people. If this is not done, further subsidies, let it be reiterated, will be asked to place us further in bondage and to preclude any possibility of escape. It may be that many railroad enterprises are being undertaken which should not be undertaken. If this is true, we may trace the source of such enterprises to Parliamentary assistance which should never have been granted. But if we have a railroad in a condition of doubt, the matter can only be settled by the people refusing to go further in the mire; they have paid the cost, and to them is the opportunity offered of making the country and the particular enterprise profitable.

Take, for example, the great subsidies which have been given to the Crow's Nest Pass line, and which have been recently proved by the "Globe" entirely inefficient to develop the country which the railroad line is accused of crossing rather than relieving; or take, for instance, the Mackenzie and Mann enterprises which have been subsidized by provinces and the Dominion to relieve the producer from the alleged extortions of the C.P.R., and we find that they are utterly useless in opposing oppression or in developing competition; fighting to-day, they may be partners to-morrow, and the people who paid will not be for a moment considered in the deal.

It is very possible that Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann may come to Parliament when it meets and ask for additional subsidies or privileges. It is quite possible the C.P.R. may do the same act. It is not outside the range of possibilities that United States lines may make a similar proposition. All subsidies should be sternly refused. If anything that is built or partially built cannot be completed by the owners, what they have paid should be refunded to them, less the subsidy, and the lines taken over by the Government.

A STORY comes from Honolulu with regard to what must be considered a very unfortunate affair. A native youth afflicted with leprosy was forbidden to marry a native maid who thought that her happiness consisted entirely in being with the man she loved. Their bodies were found in a cavern where they had died together, and we are left to contemplate the remains. The woman who was foolish enough to go with the leper and die with him was most recognize as one of those sentimental and charming creatures who clope with the coachman and follow their attachments to bitter ends which are not generally approved. I fancy there is a sentimentality which is entirely unreasonable; a sort of a thing which follows a man or a woman beyond the bounds of what is

ordinarily tolerated. Many a woman has gone to a fate no less humiliating and self-sacrificing than the Maori girl, but there is no reason why it should be done. Reason should prevail in these things as in other things. It often seems strange to me that our religious dogmas do not include something which would influence people in the peculiar condition of mind which prevailed in the case to which I refer. In the whole teachings of Christ and in the adaptation of those teachings to the necessities of mankind, I have often noted with wonder the absence of some tenet which would direct us in our attitude towards the female sex. I believe that in the wearing of the material garments of manhood Christ was subject to all the temptations that we are, but I have a suspicion that all this sort of thing has been suppressed in order to add to the Godhood which was so necessary to religion, yet so much removed from Man, and without any regard to the conditions which are absolutely imperative to the influence of religion as the years grow into centuries. The strange attachment which separates a child from its father and its mother, and induces him or her to follow the fortune of someone condemned even to death, as was this leper, is a condition of physical, and mental, and moral, and religious things that we have to contemplate, yet of which we appear to be ignorant. It is quite reasonable to ask, Why should they not go and die together? It is just as easy as the problem which often embarrasses us when we enquire why they should go and live together. But certainly it is one of the beautiful things of life when we find the savage woman who cheerfully lays down her life for her leprosy lover. God alone knows how much in civilization this same thing has been done, and yet the restrictions of the conventions which we recognize prevent us from ever dilating upon the virtues of those who do the things which common sense would forbid.

There is a great difference between common sense and charity, that kindness which goes to make the world endurable. Common sense, it is to be feared, has been too much associated with the idea of avoiding the dangers, the results, the complications of being kind to people when they need kindness. Commercially this idea is not far from the fact, which is the temperature of success, and the contemplation of the situation leads us perilously close to the scrutiny of those things which we consider commercially right, but which are frightfully near being unjust and cruel, and to the things which are foolish and wrong, yet are not far removed from the spirit of Christ's teachings.

THERE is a rumor prevalent to the effect that J. W. Leonard, General Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific from Fort William to St. John, is to be made General Manager of the Intercolonial. This selection, if it has been made or is to be made, will startle the public as an unusual manifestation of wisdom on the part of those who control Dominion railways.

Perhaps there isn't another man in the world of his age who is so well loved by his subordinates as the unassertive and sweet-tempered fellow known by his friends as Jim Leonard. He is barely past forty, his face is unseamed with care, and his hair has no tinge of grey. As gentle as a woman in his manners, as firm as the everlasting rock in his purpose, this quiet and unostentatious young man has grown to be regarded as one of the coming men, if not the coming man, in railroad circles. At no time has he ever sought or received any notoriety; he has simply been an operative and administrative railroad man. I possibly might make one exception to this statement, and that would be in the nature of declaring that at one time, if his wife had not watched him very carefully, he would have been known as the worst-dressed man in America. All adornments of speech or raiment or office fixtures are apparently objectionable to him. He has nothing to say, does not wear good clothes, and only has one vice—that is chewing tobacco. It is strange nowadays to find a man with such big interests who retains a nervous system that cannot be jarred. Every sectionman and engine-driver and fireman on some two thousand miles of track looks to Jim Leonard as his friend. In construction or re-construction he is noted as the swiftest thing that ever came along a pike, yet when he goes up against the City Council or a legislature he is the quiet, unobtrusive man who never says anything, and waits till he has an opportunity to act.

Without violating any confidence I think I might be permitted to tell a story which illustrates the character of this unusual and marvellously influential young man. I was in his office one day when his chief clerk came in and told him that a deputation of operatives were outside desiring to have an interview. "Bring them in," I rose to go, but a quiet motion of his hand made me resume my seat. There were eight or ten of them, and each man had a story to tell of low wages, and detentions, and lay-offs, and all sorts of things. Leonard listened with an amiable smile which seemed to be responded to by each man, but he said nothing. In the course of half an hour they had talked themselves out, and stood in a rather embarrassed way, wondering how they could gracefully make their exit. The leader of the party relieved the tension by asking, "Well, Mr. Leonard, what have you got to say about it?" Looking as amiable as ever, the superintendent remarked, "Nothing," and out they went. After they had gone I observed that I thought that was a pretty clammy way to treat a deputation. I suggested that he might have popularized himself at least by expressing the hope that he could get the increase for them that they asked, and that a few words or even a little hot wind would have been a good scheme.

Leonard looked contemplatively at a fly-speck on the ceiling and remarked that he did not make the wages, that he was hired to operate the road, not to talk, and he said, "Out of this interview they cannot represent to the General Manager that I said anything to them either for or against getting the wages. If I can get it for them I will, and there isn't a man in the bunch that doesn't understand that as far as I can go I am his friend. What is the need of me talking to them?"

It seems to me that no better man could be engaged to run a Government road, where people are all asking for favors, many of which they do not merit. A rare product indeed of our civilization is the really gentle man whose life is a record of kindness, and whose administration of great concerns is so unfalteringly faithful to those who engage him.

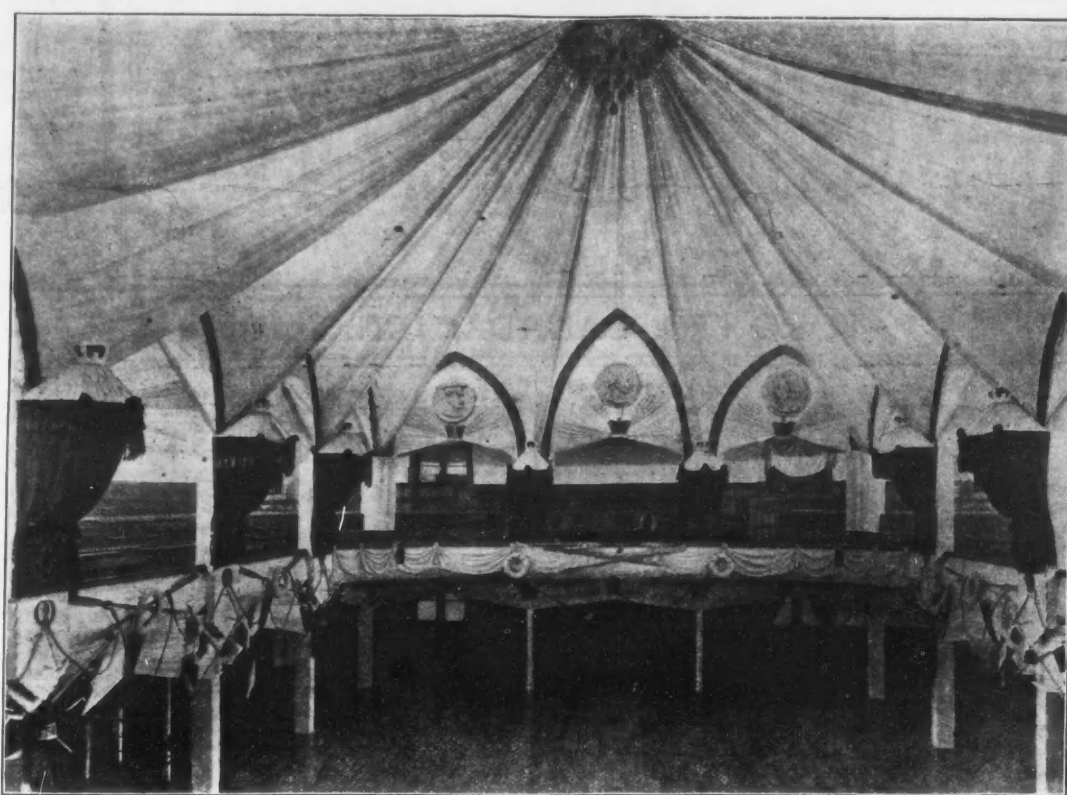
THE appointment of Mr. E. Tiffin to be Traffic Manager of the Intercolonial is another evidence that Hon. Mr. Blair is acquiring good material for the road over which he has political control. Mr. Tiffin is a man who is scarcely past the fifty mark, and is an exceedingly quiet and unobtrusive gentleman, who knows his business and lives amongst railroad people to such an extent that he is scarcely known by the general public. As General Traffic Manager he presumably will be the head of both the freight and passenger departments. Nobody can accuse Tiffin of ever having a row. He has been a favorite man amongst the Canadian Pacific employees, and his services have been utilized not only in the Maritime Provinces, but here in Toronto, by the shrewd judge of human nature in the business, Sir William Van Horne. His headquarters will be in Moncton rather than St. John, as stated in the

newspapers, and he will do his work well. The everyday producer of good results seems to be favored by Mr. Blair more than the eccentric and meteoric men who first found his approbation. Mr. Tiffin is a good selection, and I only hope that his superior officer and the next man between the success of the Intercolonial and the Minister will be Mr. Leonard. If public enterprises are manned by these quiet fellows who know their business and are not politicians, we can hope for their success; and as every day it becomes more apparent that the people must control the transportation lines, more regard will be paid to these appointments than to any other in the whole gift of the Government.

Social and Personal.

THE most important dance of the new century was given by the Commodore and officers of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club last Friday, and the general verdict is that though they may equal, they will scarcely excel their last effort, so far as management and beauty of decoration are concerned. "Never was at a better managed ball in Toronto," said an old stager. The floor and music were superb, the supper plentiful and well served (with quail, and quite a colony of bivalves in every soup-plate, you know), while the decorations, about which so much has been said, were at once exceedingly original, pretty in design, and had that sporty touch which was not in evidence at the last ball given by the Yacht Club, and which was the perfection of the latest "mise en scene."

The color scheme, of white and rose pink, is the very best for dainty effect, suitable to a ball-room, while the touches of Nile green were sparingly and very effectively introduced. To Mr. F. J. Ricarde-Seaver and his army of carpenters, electricians, yachtmen, and so forth, many acknowledgments are due from the men and women who so much enjoyed the artistic and beautiful result of their labors, pictures of which I am privileged to reproduce. Instead of giving verbal description of the design of decoration, but which, owing to absence of color effect, fall very far short of doing justice to the scheme. Nothing could have been more realistic than the section of deck simulated by the dais, the wheel and binnacle, upper deck and stairways thereto, and the quaint little cabin on the main deck, wherein hung one faint, discreet little oil lamp, strung to the roof with careful crimson cords, just as if a heavy sea might be expected at any moment, and where were cosy tete-a-tete chairs for the sitters-out. In each corner of the ball-room were pretty little tents, formed of sails, and shrouding a couple of big armchairs which, when filled by a man in scarlet and a woman in some sparkling white and silver gown, made the prettiest of pictures. Supper was served at eleven, a couple of round tables and many smaller ones seating the guests. The table of honor was a huge circle, with a raised center, between which and the guests ran a miniature lake, upon which yachts were moored and the funniest little electric launches plied here and there, in accordance with their own sweet will, being occasionally recharged as required. Flowers were much in evidence, and small baskets of real blooms hung from the towering centerpiece, while upon the tables were anchors and other nautical fixings in sugar, which were taken away as souvenirs by the guests. The menu was adorned with the R.C.Y.C. crest, which was also gorgeously in evidence on many conspicuous places in the ball-room. When the ball was about to open, a message arrived from the Armory: that Miss Mowat would be detained and desired the dance to go on, therefore the opening quadrille was formed without the chief lady guest. It was danced by Colonel Otter and Mrs. Gooderham, the Vice-Commodore and Mrs. Harman; the Commodore and Mrs. Bruce; the Rear-Commodore and Mrs. Peuchen; ex-Commodore Boswell and Mrs. Bolte; ex-Commodore Plummer and Mrs. A. E. Denison; the Hon. Secretary and Mrs. A. D. Stewart; Colonel Ryerson and Mrs. J. C. Macdougall; Mr. Bruce Harman and Mrs. Schoenberger; Mr. Bolte and Madame Albertini. The latter charming visitor wore a most effective and splendid toilette of black and silver embroidery over white satin, with pink roses matching the girlish fairness of her cheeks. Miss Mowat wore white satin; Mrs. Gooderham white brocade; Mrs. Bruce a very simple white silk, in which she looked very sweet and fair. Another young matron whose very simple toilette of white crepe accented her always beautiful face and form was Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, who brought her niece, Miss Stratford. Miss McLeod, of Woodstock, chaperoned by her hostess and former fellow-citizen, Mrs. Fred. Cox, looked very well in pink satin. Mrs. McKinnon wore white satin, embroidered with silver paillettes. The Misses Covert, of Montreal, who came with their aunt and hostess, Mrs. Baines, wore pale green and pale yellow Liberty frocks. Miss Chaplin, of St. Kitts, always the perfection of chic, came with her hostess, Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, in a sparkling black paillette Paris frock. There were a great many strangers, visitors from various Canadian cities, at this dance, and it appeared as if each city must have sent its fairest girls in honor of the sailor men of the Queen City and their ball. The usual group of smart young matrons, including Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, in pink and white brocade; Mrs. Morang, in blue; Mrs. George Evans, in white satin brocade, and a touch of black; Mrs. J. C. Macdougall, in a dainty gown of white satin; Mrs. Alfred Wright, in white with red ribbons; Mrs. Widmer Hawke, in a lovely lace gown over pink silk; Mrs. J. Staunton King, in a charming Paris gown of white silk and chiffon, delicately touched with violet; Mrs. Drynan, in green and silver brocade; Mrs. Herbert Cawthra, in white chiffon overlaid with rich Vandyke panels of jet and chenille; Mrs. Tripp, in rose and white brocade, touched with black; Mrs. Hewes Oliphant, in blue and white brocade; Mrs. McCuaig, of Montreal, in white satin, veiled in lace; Mrs. George Broughall, in pink satin under cream lace; Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, in pink brocade; Mrs. Bolte, in yellow satin under rich lace—these and many another were the merry young married folks who enjoyed a dance in a season when the young people seem to have monopolized most of the graceful pastime. Mrs. Gordon Osler was much missed and enquired for, as the brightest of the party, but she was not home from Montreal. Among the girls, fair Miss Ellie Osler was very sweet in white, paillette with silver; Miss Barker also wore white and silver, and was much admired; Miss Gyp Armstrong, just returned from a glorious time in Port Hope; Miss Evelyn Cox, in pink satin; Miss Myles, in white satin, and, by the way, very happy over the success of her young brother, Lieutenant Myles, in his martial career; Miss Edgar Jarvis, queenly and beautiful, in black; Miss Leila McDonnell, very handsome in white satin, bidding good-bye to regretful friends before leaving for Ottawa next day; Miss Jardine Thomson, in pink silk and chiffon touched with silver; Miss Ravenshaw, in cream satin brocade, frilled with point d'esprit, and roses; Miss Helen Boomer, in white silk and lace; Miss Hughes, in white and turquoise; Miss Grace Hogaboom, very handsome in pink; Miss Ellwood, in a lovely French frock of satin and white lace insertions over pink; Miss Emily Falconbridge was very pretty in pale blue; Miss Melvin-Jones, who came in quite late with her parents after a dinner, wore a lovely Empire costume of pale green satin with cream lace, and gold sequin embroidery; Miss Stratford, whose pet coiffure has named her "the girl with the rose in her hair," wore white satin; Miss Mortimer Clark also wore white, a lovely gown of lace, and a corsage garland of pink flowers; Miss Elise Clark wore white satin with sequin embroideries; Miss Mollie Plummer looked stunning in white, touched with green; Miss Eva Delamere was in a fresh and smart little black frock; Miss Gooderham, of Waveney, was by many named the belle, in a lovely pink satin brocade, with bodice of soft chiffon and a tiny bolero of gold; Miss Har-



Galbraith Photo Co. THE PAVILION AS DECORATED FOR THE ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB BALL.

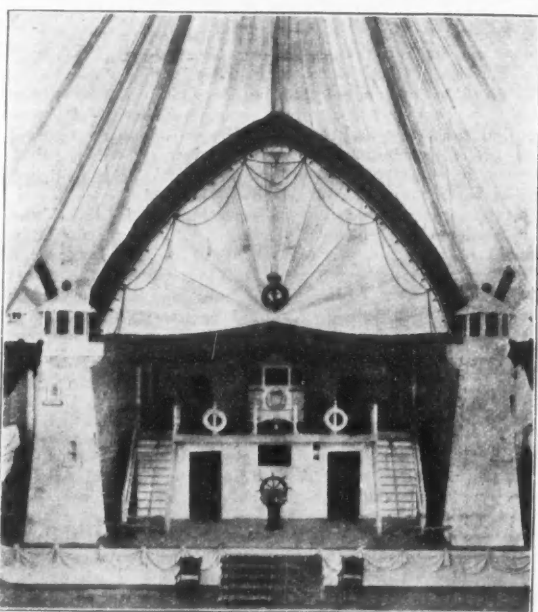
man wore a pretty pink gown; Miss Byford, pale blue. The various officers of the city regiments, and par excellence the guests of honor, Colonel Otter, Colonel Ryerson, Major Macdougall, Captain Mason, Captain McDonnell, and Lieutenants Temple and Wilkie, gave the usual touch of color to the ball by their smart jackets of vivid scarlet. Many friends welcomed them to the merry dance, and recalled the sadness of last year's functions when news of British disasters sent many an anxious woman and disturbed man home at an early hour. Colonel Otter, Captain McDonnell and Mr. Temple are in glorious health. Major Macdougall is away to St. Catharines for a course of baths to put the finish to his happy recovery. Captain Mason has still a bit of a cough to remind him of that investigating bullet, but looks quite his old ruddy self, and Mr. Wilkie, who was one of the very sick soldiers, is almost up to his old standard again. Though some sad thoughts always arise when one sees these soldier men and misses those who did not return, still there is great thankfulness and happiness in the community, and it was often in the hearts and on the lips of the merry crowd who welcomed them at the Yacht Club ball. The Lighthouse, tall, stalwart Archie McDonnell, went to Ottawa next day. A touch in the decorations particularly concerned him, as will be noticed.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Christie will be for the winter at Mrs. Thorne's, 66 Bloor street east. Mr. W. C. Muir returned to Pittsburgh on Tuesday, after a delightful holiday in Toronto, where he was entertained a great deal by old friends. Miss Taylor, of Madison avenue, is visiting friends in Minneapolis. Mademoiselle Toronto sang last Sunday at Broadway Tabernacle to the delight of an immense congregation. Mrs. J. George Denison (nee Champion), of Rossland, is visiting Mrs. C. L. Denison in Dufferin street. Mr. J. G. Denison, a son of the late Colonel Denison of Dovercourt, is in Rossland. Mr. and Mrs. Dodd left for Bermuda on Tuesday, after spending the first few days of their honeymoon at the Queen's. On Sunday afternoon a number of their friends called and took afternoon tea with the bride and groom. Mr. Dodd is a handsome young Englishman, and his adorable little bride is remembered as Miss Geraldine Lane by many who met and admired her on her visits here, or who knew her as a sweet, wee maiden when her parents resided in Lakeview avenue, not so very long ago. Mrs. David Crombie, of St. Kitts, has been visiting Mrs. Dalton, of Oakleigh. Mrs. Harry Pellatt was welcomed heartily by guests at Mrs. Murray Alexander's tea, as that was the first affair she has been able to attend this winter.

On the evening of Friday, January 11, Mr. Cockshutt's handsome home in Sherbourne street was the scene of a very smart little dance, the guests being mostly intimate friends, and enjoying the evening immensely. This dance unfortunately took some of the smart people from the Yacht Club, and broke up the evening for others who could not spend the whole time at either function. Some of Mr. Cockshutt's most intimate friends received for him and assisted in doing the honors of the menage. The dance was of the smartest, and the supper dainty and luxurious.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra, of Yeaton Hall, gave a lovely dance for their daughter at McConkey's on Tuesday evening, at which the attendance was of the smartest. The beautiful ball-room was filled by a charming party of guests, and the supper was served in the spacious apartment used as a lunch-room, small parties being seated at many tables prettily decorated. Dances have been very numerous this month, but even so, each one seems to be enjoyed with fresh verve and delight and voted the very best yet. Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra's noble hospitalities are too well known to need this comment.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maude Adam, daughter of Mr. G. Mercer Adam, of Akron, Ohio, to Mr. Ernest Andrews, of the Bank of Commerce. Mr. Andrews



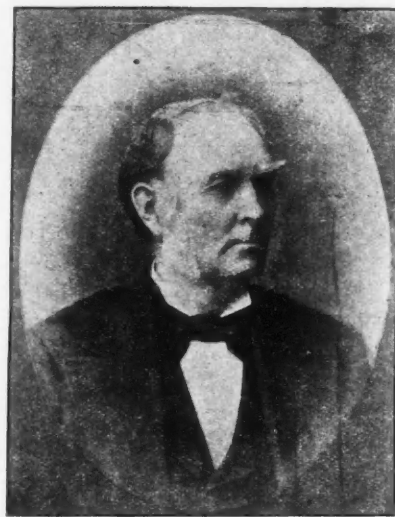
Galbraith Photo Co. THE STAGE AT THE R.C.Y.C. BALL.

left last week to take charge of the bank's business in San Francisco.

Major and Mrs. Forester have gone to England.

The Royal Grenadiers gave the second assembly of their series last evening, and, thanks to the arrangement made to retain the decorations of the hall (except the nautical stage-setting), from the Yacht Club ball, the soldiers were saved considerable trouble. They gave their own military touch, however, to the affair by a huge marquee on the dais, and had a very fine time.

Sir Frank Smith, who had been ill for many months, died on Thursday afternoon at "Rivermount," Bloor street east. At the hour of writing it is impossible to say much of what naturally occurs to one in connection with the



THE LATE SIR FRANK SMITH.

career of this great and good man, who was one of Toronto's foremost citizens, and who occupied so large a place in many fields of activity. His death had been momentarily expected since Friday night. There were present at the last, Mr. James Austin Smith, son of the deceased; Mrs. John Foy and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, daughters; and Mr. John Foy and Mr. Bruce Macdonald, sons-in-law.

This evening the women of Toronto pay their second special tribute to brave soldiers, in giving a reception to Colonel Lessard, his officers and men in Legislative Chamber at Parliament Buildings. A presentation of a punch-bowl to the Colonel, loving-cups to the officers, and shields to the soldiers, is also to be made.

The dance at Craighleigh on Monday evening was as delightful as the most rosy hopes anticipated, though the hostess was unfortunately quite indisposed with the prevailing malady, and was obliged to retire during the evening. Mrs. Osler received with Miss Osler at the entrance to the drawing-room, with another fair daughter as "aide" near by. Miss Colchane, of New York, a sparkling belle always welcome in Toronto, and the Misses Gwynne, were guests at Craighleigh. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler and their guest, Miss Cassils, of Montreal, were also a bright trio at this dance. Mrs. Gordon wore a lovely gown of yellow mousseline de soie and lace insertions, with lace bolero; Miss Cassils a fac simile gown in pale blue. Miss Matthews, just home from Montreal, was in yellow mousseline de soie. Miss Macdougall, of Carlton Lodge, was in pink. Miss Falconbridge wore a yellow frock. Miss Emily Falconbridge, Miss Evelyn Cameron and her guest, Miss Rathbun, in white; the Misses Edith and Errol Nordheimer in white and black. Miss Gladys Nordheimer, the Misses Kingsmill, Miss Mackenzie of Benvenuto, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Miss Audrey Allen, Miss Gyp Armstrong, Miss Muriel Massey, Miss Carrie Fuller, Miss Somerville, the Misses Francis, Miss Geary, Miss Athol Boulton, the Misses Langmuir, the Misses Dawson, looking very pretty in white, were some of the girls at this smart dance. Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. Cockshutt, Messrs. Baldwin, Muir, of Pittsburgh; Ardagh, just returned from South Africa; Somerville, Dr. Hardy, Messrs. Arto Hardy, Wiley, Monck, Thom, Noble, Ewing Ferrie, Moran, Archibald, C. C. Smith, Archie McLaren, Temple, Prof. Laing, Captain Mason, Fellowes, Archie Becher, Jack Meredith, Dawson, B. Laing, Finucane, Chapman, Colville, Stewart Wilkie, Bowker, and Francis. Dancing was carried on in the drawing-room, hall, and billiard-room, and the lovely round dining-room was used as a sitting-out room. Supper was served in the basement, the supper-room being hung with red, white, and blue, and the supper of the most recherche.

A Mysterious Message.

Nikola Tesla gravely announces that the earth has received a message from another world—presumably Mars. It is "One, two, three." This sounds dreadfully mysterious, says the Cleveland "Plain Dealer." Perhaps the man in the moon was fighting a duel with old Colonel Jupiter. Or, possibly, it was merely the cry of surprise with which a paralyzed Martian may have greeted the discovery that he was the father of triplets!

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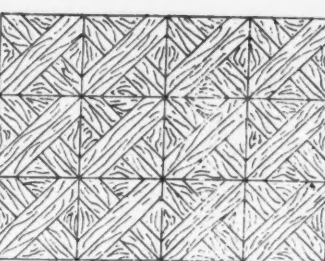
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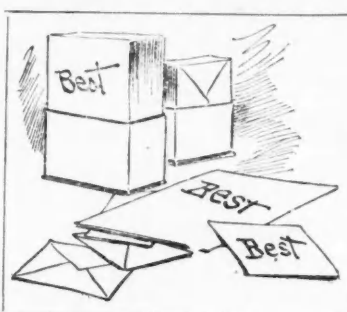
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Rosanna

By CHARLES MARRIOTT.

Albert looked up from "Screaming Chips" and over his shoulder. "You're late," he snarled, and resumed his literature.

Rosanna hesitated, colored, and then with a girlish impulse went over and kissed him.

"Lord love us!" he cried, with heavy irony, "what's that for?—going to elope with the cat's-meat man, and come to say a fond farewell?"

Another time Rosanna would have screamed with laughter, for Albert had quite a reputation for "funny sayings." To-night, however, his humor jarred. She sat down in a tired attitude and cut the string of her parcel. Albert began to read aloud a deliciously comical story about a mother-in-law and a tom-cat; but Rosanna did not laugh.

"What's the row?—you're beastly sulky!"

Albert got up and stood against the table. He turned over the things, smacked his lips at the tin of pineapple, and picked at the currants; presently came to the "bunny sayings." "What have we got here?—as the pawnbroker said to the body-snatcher." His jocularity ended suddenly. "What the—"

"Oh, those are some flower-roots." "Flower-roots be sugared!" shouted Albert. "How much did you chuck away on that lot?"

Rosanna was nearly crying. "A shilling," she muttered.

"A shilling!" echoed Albert viciously. "So that's what you do with my wages, is it?—and me wanting a pair of bags—you and your flower-roots!"

He picked up the paper and flung it on the fire. Rosanna sat meekly, the tears falling on a packet of sugar already sufficiently moist.

"Look 'ere," said Albert, after a sulky silence, "I'm blest if I stand this! I'll do the shopping myself another Saturday."

Presently he went into the passage and reached down his hat. A peg came with it; Albert kicked it fiercely into the kitchen, cursing weakly. "Never see such a house—nothing in its place; and why the pieceman can't you light the gas in the passage, so that a fellow can see?"

Rosanna got up and hunted in five or six different places for the match-box; it was at last found in the bottom cupboard, next to some shavings. Albert did not offer to light the gas, though Rosanna had to strain to reach it. She stood a moment looking at him.

"Are you going out?" she ventured. "Yes, I'm going for a drink, and you can expect me when you see me." He went out, slamming the front door.

Rosanna sat for a while, too depressed even to cry. She had no sense of justice, or she might have considered the four several comic journals littering the floor. She rose, stirred the fire, and setting down the poker, knocked out something round from under the fender. It was one of the bulbs. Rosanna pounced upon it with a little cry; she blew off the ashes and examined it carefully; to all appearance it was quite uninjured. There was no trace of the other bulb, though she raked out the cinders from under the grate.

Rosanna had never concealed even a thought from her husband, but now she slipped the bulb into her pocket with a fierce movement of secrecy. This unexpected recovery gave the thing a new value; it was won from the fire, and implicitly forgiven. She was wonderfully quickened; she had a little purpose all her very own. Tomorrow was Sunday; Albert would be at home all day and in an ill-temper.

He was not a drunkard, and a moderate amount of liquor played the mischief with his digestion. Rosanna sometimes wished it would be rougher about—that she could forgive; but Albert's acrid humors hardened her, and their gradual clearing cheated her of the luxury of making up.

No Monday would be the time for planting the bulb. Then came a sudden chill. She had no flower-pot. She sat down to consider a way out of the difficulty. Presently she clapped her hands. There was an empty marmalade jar on the top shelf of the cupboard—the very thing! Usually Rosanna got her jams in tumbler; but once she had indulged in a three-pound jar of marmalade, and it happened to be Keiller's. But supposing Albert missed the jar? Rosanna backed to the farther wall and tiptoed; really, unless one knew, the jar was barely visible; and Albert was not likely to look for anything amongst the miscellaneous litter pushed away on the top shelf. A secret was so new a thing that Rosanna pictured fantastic suppositions. She laughed softly to think of the treasure that would be hidden away behind the legend on the jar.

On Monday Rosanna fancied eyes everywhere. She drew down the kitchen blind when she pushed the table against the cupboard to reach down the jar. The necessary hole in the bottom troubled her until she found that the ware could be pierced with a gimlet. Then came the question of mould. The stuff in the back yard was sour and, she supposed, unsuitable. However, she must make it do. So with elaborate publicity she dug a hole with the fire-shovel, carrying out an apronful of odds and ends to bury. From the bottom of the hole she smuggled in a little fresher soil. Finally, the thing was done, and the jar pushed away in the cupboard behind an old petticoat.

Only just in time; for Mrs. Jordan coughed at the front door. Would Mrs. Hargreaves oblige her with a basin of flour until the children came from school? Rosanna gave the flour willingly, but failed in the obvious etiquette of the situation; which is this: The lender stands a little within the door and remarks upon the weather.

The borrower, for better hearing, ascends to the top step, having previously stood humbly upon the second. The lender backs a little, observing, "Well, I suppose I must get to my work—won't you come in?" The proper answer is, "Oh, reely, but I've got a pudding to make." But there should be no ill-mannered hurry. By this time the lender will have reached the kitchen door, when she should turn to enquire suddenly after the health of a remote connection of the borrower. This requires so long an answer that it is clearly a saving of time to come right inside, and from thence by slow degrees into the kitchen. Next a truant child is called over the back wall and given money and a jug. The rest is cosy and sociable. When the morning and the jug are well spent the borrower sidles out, exacting a promise from the lender that she will look round in the afternoon.

But Rosanna, with the utmost rudeness, kept Mrs. Jordan on the front step whilst she fetched the flour, and even made as if to shut the door after her visitor. Mrs. Jordan retired breathing pitiless friendship.

Six weeks the man had said, and Rosanna supposed an occult value in the precise date. She scrawled "November 21st" on the wall behind the almanac, and spent an hour calculating the day when she should expose the jar to the light. It figured out to January 3rd.

Evidently the man was mistaken when he said the flower would bloom at Christmas. However, Rosanna was sufficiently apt in the ways of tradesmen to give him credit for the desire to sell at the expense of truth.

January 3rd became a feast day in her calendar. Until now she had been possessed by the mere joy of secrecy, but the intrinsic beauty of her possession began to dawn upon her. She wondered whether the flower would be blue or white—the choicer colors in hyacinths were beyond her imagination. How it would glorify the room! Even Albert would be pleased. However, Rosanna was flower would already be in bloom what time she placed it in the window-sill.

Thinking upon it threw up the contrast of her ways. With a new feeling of shame she set about a desultory tidying of the kitchen. For a few days this was merely an affair of broom and dustpan; but, presently, the flower that was to be shown into the farthest corners, revealing unimagined nastiness. Nor did the illumination end here. The bedroom was invaded, and it became a point of honor to make the bed every day. It was discovered that windows would open, and Rosanna found it difficult to believe that she had lived so long without fresh air. And as the days wore the woman woke within the slut, and she began to feel that household work was something besides a nuisance. There was a clean hearth at night, and the table was laid before the meal.

There is a story of a housemaid who on "conversion" began to sweep under the mats—a practice she had never observed before. Something of the same sort happened to Rosanna, though she had not found religion in her conversion. She had, it is true, learned from her mother a spurious respect for dim kitchens, but that was years ago. She was of an age—a few months over twenty—when a woman begins to form habits, and but for the flower there was no standard save that of her neighbors. The hyacinth was a small matter, but it carried her round the corner and up instead of down.

Albert observed her ways, but felt it beneath his dignity to commend. On the whole, the alteration was to his advantage, and so long as he suffered no inconvenience he was not unkind. Moreover, his wife began to save a little out of the money he allowed her for housekeeping.

Rosanna's neighbors took her improved habits as a personal insult. In spite of her negligence in the matter of morning ale they had always found her sociable, generous of her time and tongue, and with no eccentric notions about order in the house. They shook their heads over the change. A woman, and a young woman at that, who got through her household work in the morning was outside their comprehension morning being obviously intended for doozer committees upon the ways of "the man," whilst domestic duties were crowded into a feverish hour before the man came home. Casual visitors found Rosanna's front door relentlessly closed. When it was learned that she spent the greater part of the afternoon sewing, resentment changed to pity for Mr. Hargreaves.

Christmas was a time of trouble. Rosanna had a kind heart, and could not bring herself to shut out her neighbors at this season. She was a little frightened by the change in herself, and wondered if she were growing too proud. The policies of the street had never afflicted her before, and she supposed something amiss with her taste that she failed to relish the pungent gossip of her neighbors. In her anxiety to show that she was friendly as ever, she gave offence; people were not going to be patronized—"and her man only getting thirty shillings a week." Rosanna spent many tearful hours, and at last came to the conclusion that the standard of the flower and the standard of the street could not be reconciled.

On the last night of the year Albert came home late and hilarious. He brought Rosanna a few cheap delicacies, and for once was noisily domesticated. He bragged of all he would do in the coming year, strutting about the kitchen with a new sense of the householder.

"Why shouldn't we have a tall clock and stained glass to the window—same as the Halls?"

"I'd rather spend the money on blankets," said Rosanna, pleased nevertheless; "we want them badly."

"Oh, go on—you're all for usefulness these days; why can't we cut a shine—same as others?" Blowed if we don't, too," he continued; "I'll get some of those framed chromos. Why haven't you put up the new almanac? Where is it?"

Rosanna fetched the highly-scented roll with a sudden misgiving. Albert spread out the picture—"The Charge of the Lancers at Omdurman"—on the table.

In changing the almanacs he came upon the date "November 21st" on the wall.

"Hello! what's this?" he cried. Rosanna shook all over. Certainly to a quick-tempered husband her manner was not encouraging.

"What's this, I say?" Still no answer. Albert sat down with dry lips. He was not a violently jealous man, but Rosanna's agitation fitted in with a sordid story of the neighborhood in which a written date played some part.

"If I thought—" he began heavily. But Rosanna burst into tears. "It's the—hyacinth," she sobbed.

"Eh?—what?" said the man, vaguely. He had forgotten his display of temper when Rosanna brought home the bulbs. She reminded him, and confessed her little deception. To her surprise Albert took it with great good-humor.

"So, you did me one," he chuckled. "Well, I didn't think you had that much in you. Let's have a look how it's getting on," and he made towards the cupboard. Rosanna, convinced of the importance of dates, begged him to wait until the 3rd of January; but Albert, with superior knowledge, calmed her fears.

When Rosanna saw the little yellow spire instead of the glory she had expected, her tears flowed again.

"I knew you'd spoil it," she sobbed. "Rot!" said Albert. "That's a bit of orrigh; going on first class. Now you want to stick it in the window, and I'll come on quick. I've 'arf a mind to smash it, though," he laughed—"doing me a chalk-little artful cat!"

Rosanna's evident anguish at his playful threat puzzled him. He pulled her ears and sat down in high spirits. The idea of Rosanna's artfulness was irresistible; and on the morrow, a holiday, he told Mrs. Jordan, whom he encountered whilst enjoying an early pipe on the front steps.

Mrs. Jordan winked laboriously. "She values it very 'igh for a winder plant. Mister 'Argreaves?"

"Well, you see—it was her getting it out of the fire—and me not knowing, I suppose."

Mrs. Jordan tittered huskily. "They 'as their fancies," she said. "There was my own sister—her as married well off—a plumber and glazier down Brixton way. 'E gave 'er a geranium onct when they were courting; an' you never see such a fuss as she made over it. Might 'ave bin a new 'at."

Albert repeated the conversation to Rosanna.

"Evil-minded old cat!" she cried. "Why, she saw me buy them down at the Divvy Stores! I'll make her own it, too."

"Oh, don't 'ave a row with Mrs. Jordan," said Albert; "she's got a nasty tongue."

He saw no reason to doubt Rosanna's word, but there was just the little uncomfortable possibility. Of course, he could easily make sure by asking at the Stores—Leggatt remembered everything.

Passing the Stores one day, Albert asked about the bulbs. But Mr. Leggatt misunderstood his intention, and conveniently failed to remember. It was his first principle in business never to give the wife away so long as she paid.

"Yacincts, Mister 'Argreaves? Not as I remember. Might 'ave done, of course, I can easily ascertain by referring to the books."

"Oh no, don't trouble," said Albert, hastily, already ashamed—"only the flowers are doin' very well, and I thought perhaps the missus got them here."

"As like as not—as like as not," said Mr. Leggatt, in a non-committal voice.

There followed for Rosanna days of hungry waiting. She was feverishly happy; her slight furtiveness of manner disappeared now that she could share the flower with Albert, and she was becoming quite pretty. Embarrassed by the beautiful were trying her brain like birds tapping at a closed window in winter. She did not understand—how should she?—but in her way she responded. One thing after another emerged into consciousness. Some little method crept into her shopping; she learned that waste was ugly, and that there were pleasures less cloying than pickles and potted meats. The unsatisfactory nature of the bread they ate became apparent; she learned to bake, and the sacramental beauty of the act caught hold of her mind, so that preparing bread for her husband seemed the meaning of their marriage. Hitherto, beyond the practical arrangement, wedded life had been but a theme for unseemly jesting; sentiment had faded with courtship.

Everything was by comparison with the coming flower; her dress became neater and quieter, for surely a thing so exquisite would feel uncomfortable in the presence of soiled linen and gaudy finery.

It was a slight disappointment that Albert did not appreciate the full meaning of the hyacinth. To him it was merely a flower. He took her increased tenderness in good part, only the fool could not see that the germ of their future happiness was in the marmalade-jar.

Towards the end of February the plant was well grown. There followed intense speculation as to the color. Rosanna hoped it would be white; no other tint suited the ideal she formed. Discussing it with Albert, she sounded, without understanding, the essential difference between them.

"Oh! Lord! what a fuss!—as if it mattered."

"But don't you see, Albert, it must be white—like the flower you see in the Catholic—shop you know, down Backhall street, where they sell the images."

Albert wanted to read his paper. "Look here," he snapped—"shut it! Thank your stars I let you keep the blessed thing, without badgering a fellow about images!"

So Rosanna was compelled to find expression in more strenuous scrubbing and a bread that was near perfection. At last the flower stood in bud, only wanting a touch of sun to burst open. All day Rosanna was in an ecstasy, jumping up from her work at intervals to hang over the jar. She loitered downstairs at night until Albert lost his temper.

Rosanna awoke with a start. She had dreamed that the flower had unfolded waxen white, and the scent of it reached her through her sleep. She sat up in bed. Albert snored by her side. The moon made a square on the floor. But was it the moon? In her excited mood she almost believed the white radiance filtered through the boards from the flower below.

Rosanna swung sideways out of bed and dipped her feet in the moonlight. The touch of it was friendly, and gave her courage. Ordinarily she dreaded the night, but here was a security—she only half believed in candles; and surely nothing of evil could lurk in the same room as the flower.

Trembling with eagerness, she crept downstairs and into the kitchen. Yes, the hyacinth had opened—not with the splendor of her dream, but here and there a floret. And the smell of it! She caught up the jar with a glad cry.

"It's white, Albert—it's white!" Albert stirred and missed her. He heaved up his elbow, rubbing his eyes.

"Rosanna," he mumbled; then louder, "Rosanna?"

"Yes, Albert," she cried; "I'm coming—in a minute."

But Albert was roused out of all tolerance; he was never worse-tempered than when half awake. Rosanna heard the decisive bump of his feet on the boards as he slid out of bed. She stood shivering on the bare tiles.

"Oh, look!" she cried, as he came growling into the kitchen.

"Now look 'ere," began Albert slowly, through his teeth, in the tone she dreaded. "I've about had enough of this. What d'you mean—disturbing a man in his sleep? Come up to bed at once."

"But the hyacinth! Can't you smell it?"

"Oh, curse the hyacinth!" cried Albert, in a fury. He snatched the jar out of her hands and hurled it into the fireplace. Rosanna caught at his arm with a little moan; her feet were entangled in her nightdress, and she reeled against the edge of the table.

She stood looking at him, her hand to her side.

"There now," grumbled Albert, half ashamed, "I didn't go to 'urt you, but you should be so silly. Get along to bed like a good girl; I'm cold."

In the morning Mrs. Jordan was astonished to see the door of No. 7 standing ajar. Presently Rosanna appeared and began the desultory rubbing that makes for conversation. She looked white and strange—"Grown up sudden," as Mrs. Jordan phrased it to herself—but her greeting was unusually affable. Mrs. Jordan, panting with curiosity, lingered a while.

This time Rosanna observed the etiquette of the occasion. The two women were drawn inward by slow degrees. Presently a child was caught and given coppers and a jug. The landlord of the Green Man congratulated himself upon a new and, he trusted, regular customer—"Pall Mall Magazine."

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"But don't you see, Albert, it must be white—like the flower you see in the Catholic—shop you know, down Backhall street, where they sell the images."

Albert wanted to read his paper. "Look here," he snapped—"shut it! Thank your stars I let you keep the blessed thing, without badgering a fellow about images!"

So Rosanna was compelled to find expression in more strenuous scrubbing and a bread that was near perfection. At last the flower stood in bud, only wanting a touch of sun to burst open. All day Rosanna was in an ecstasy, jumping up from her work at intervals to hang over the jar. She loitered downstairs at night until Albert lost his temper.

Rosanna awoke with a start. She had dreamed that the flower had unfolded waxen white, and the scent of it reached her through her sleep. She sat up in bed. Albert snored by her side. The moon made a square on the floor. But was it the moon? In her excited mood she almost believed the white radiance filtered through the boards from the flower below.

Rosanna swung sideways out of bed and dipped her feet in the moonlight. The touch of it was friendly, and gave her courage. Ordinarily she dreaded the night, but here was a security—she only half believed in candles; and surely nothing of evil could lurk in the same room as the flower.

Trembling with eagerness, she crept downstairs and into the kitchen. Yes, the hyacinth had opened—not with the splendor of her dream, but here and there a floret. And the smell of it! She caught up the jar with a glad cry.

"It's white, Albert—it's white!" Albert stirred and missed her. He heaved up his elbow, rubbing his eyes.

"Rosanna," he mumbled; then louder, "Rosanna?"

"Yes, Albert," she cried; "I'm coming—in a minute."

But Albert was roused out of all tolerance; he was never worse-tempered than when half awake. Rosanna heard the decisive bump of his feet on the boards as he slid out of bed. She stood shivering on the bare tiles.

"Oh, look!" she cried, as he came growling into the kitchen.

"Now look 'ere," began Albert slowly, through his teeth, in the tone she dreaded. "I've about had enough of this. What d'you mean—disturbing a man in his sleep? Come up to bed at once."

"But the hyacinth! Can't you smell it?"

"Oh, curse the hyacinth!" cried Albert, in a fury. He snatched the jar out of her hands and hurled it into the fireplace. Rosanna caught at his arm with a little moan; her feet were entangled in her nightdress, and she reeled against the edge of the table.

She stood looking at him, her hand to her side.

"There now," grumbled Albert, half ashamed, "I didn't go to 'urt you, but you should be so silly. Get along to bed like a good girl; I'm cold."

In the morning Mrs. Jordan was astonished to see the door of No. 7 standing ajar. Presently Rosanna appeared and began the desultory rubbing that makes for conversation. She looked white and strange—"Grown up sudden," as Mrs. Jordan phrased it to herself—but her greeting was unusually affable. Mrs. Jordan, panting with curiosity, lingered a while.

This time Rosanna observed the etiquette of the occasion. The two women were drawn inward by slow degrees. Presently a child was caught and given coppers and a jug. The landlord of the Green Man congratulated himself upon a new and, he trusted, regular customer—"Pall Mall Magazine."

The viceroys of Ireland, like the kings of England, enjoy the privilege of kissing women presented to them at a drawing-room, and, of course, they have also the privilege of not kissing them. The late Duke of Abercorn,

An Abused Privilege.

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who was Lord-Lieutenant in the sixties, was a very handsome man, and he knew it. He was especially proud of his silky beard. One night he was holding a drawing-room in the Castle and had kissed a good many of the Irish beauties, when a fat Dublin dowager threw her arms round his neck and gave him a good, smacking kiss. The Duke's daughters—one of them later became the mother of the present Duke of Marlborough—burst out laughing; but His Excellency was furious, for the embracing old dowager had disarranged his beautiful beard. He ordered his A.D.C., "Fred" Campbell, to have the doors closed, and sent for a comb. When his beard had been rearranged the doors were reopened and the presentations continued, but it was given out that ladies were not to embrace His Excellency of their own free will.

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Curious Bits of News.

A syndicate has been formed in London to purchase an out-of-date Atlantic liner and fit her up as a miniature Monte Carlo Casino. The plan is to moor her off the English coast, just outside the three-mile limit, and run a big game. The English Channel, off Brighton, is the place chosen. Launches are to run back and forth to meet the London trains.

Every schoolboy, as Lord Macaulay would say, knows that the halpenny in Scotland is called a "bawbee" but how it came to receive the name is not a matter of such common knowledge. It appears that the first attempt at the portraiture of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, was made in her earliest infancy, and her "wee" face was engraved upon the Scottish halpennies at the time of her coronation in 1543, when she was but nine months old. Hence the name "bawbee" (baby).

The New South Wales Congregational Union set to work the other day to read one of its members—Rev. Mr. Bennett—for marrying in one year for a Sydney matrimonial agency 531 couples. The offender, however, wasn't as sorry as was expected, and even went so far as to say that he had thus done a lot of good in marrying people who otherwise might have done worse. It looks, anyhow, as if these matrimonial agencies supply a pressing want, otherwise one of them wouldn't bring together nearly 4,000 couples in six years in Sydney alone.

The "St. James' Gazette" says: "All over the kingdom are churches and chapels which have fallen from grace. The church in Hutton garden, where Edward Irving began his ministry, has long been a chemist's warehouse, and the little chapel at Nottingham in which William Carey preached the famous sermon which inaugurated modern missions is also a storehouse. A large Wesleyan chapel in North London is now occupied by a firm of brewers, and the famous Luther House in Germany is an inn. St. Giles' Cathedral at Glasgow, consecrated to the memory of Jenny Geddes, has been used at various times as a prison, a post-office, and a business exchange."

A story was recently printed in an English paper of a snake which lived in a confined space for a year without food. This has drawn forth the following spider yarn: In 1891, Mr. Clower, a chemist of Northampton, bought an ameboid barometer, under the glass of which he noticed a speck about the size of a pin's head. This was a spider, and for seven long years it remained under the glass, growing but little, and apparently eating nothing. During the last year of its secluded life the spider took on habits of activity, and walked around the inside of the glass all day long until last January, when it passed away peacefully.

M. Dolfus says in his book, *Modeles d'Artistes*, that Victor Hugo never "sat" for any of the popular portraits and photographs which were in great demand during the later years of his life. Dolfus claims that they were no portraits of Hugo, but of a crayon-seller of the Latin quarter, who bore a striking resemblance to the great author. The substitute earned a good income by posing for these portraits, and the resemblance incidentally brought him other benefits. He was largely responsible for the common rumor that it was Victor Hugo's custom to ride in cheap public conveyances, even in the coldest weather, and to permit his admirers to pay his three cents fare. In the evening the crayon-seller frequented the cafes and accepted "treats" from credulous persons, who boasted next day of their familiarity with the poet. This was the way the impostor satisfied his thirst for wine and fame at small expense. But, alas! Victor Hugo died, and with him went his double's reflected glory.

The British Isles As Utopia.

The British Isles should be the Utopia at the end of the twentieth century, predicts an English paper. Electricity has revolutionized the world, and in the coming century this force will provide the great improvements of the future. In this respect the British Isles have unique advantages, for the sea by which we are surrounded will provide all the motive power that it will be possible to utilize. Along the sea-coast will be numerous reservoirs filled by waves and tides, washing in, and as the water flows out again it will turn huge wheels. All flowing waters, fresh and salt, will do the work that Niagara is doing for America today—making electricity for heat, light and fuel. The waters of such rivers as the Thames, Severn, Mersey, Tyne, Trent, will all be utilized, and any river that boasts of a waterfall of any kind will be adorned with water-motors and turning dynamos.

Youth With a Future.

George and Johnnie, aged five and three respectively, had just been seated at the nursery table for dinner, when George saw there was but one orange on the table. He immediately set up a wall that brought his mother to the scene. "Why, George, what are you crying for?" she asked. "There isn't any orange for Johnnie."

The Doctor's Wife

Watches the Effect of Proper Feeding.
"I have an excellent opportunity to know of the effect of food in sickness, for my husband is a practising physician and has been recommending Grape-Nuts food for some time. I have watched the result, and have never known a case where it has not given satisfaction. "One instance will perhaps suffice to illustrate: A professor in the High School here was in very poor health from stomach trouble. He finally got into such a condition that he could not eat any food whatever without suffering, and was so reduced in strength that he could hardly walk. He was put on Grape-Nuts food and gained rapidly, and is now in good health. His cure was effected by the use of Grape-Nuts food." Mrs. Dr. Lyman, Croton, O.

A Difference.



The Parson (on a visit)—And how long do you pray at night, my boy? The Boy—Winter or summer?

Books and Their Makers.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL lives with his brother, Louis Zangwill, the author of *A Drama in Dutch* and other notable books, in a pretty house in St. John's Wood. Mr. Zangwill has never been able, he says, to acquire the habit of constant work. He cannot sit down to a regular eight-hour day. He waits till the spirit moves him, and then works persistently and at great speed till the book is completed. Just now he has practically done nothing for three months.

It is interesting to note that in dealing with politics in his latest work, *Mr. Zangwill* is returning to a very old love, as politics were the motif of *The Premier* and *The Painter*, the first book he ever wrote. "It is absurd," said Mr. Zangwill, "to say, as one of my critics has, that I have exhausted the ghetto in my Jewish stories and the studio in *The Master*. As a matter of fact, I can see all life in every phase of life. I could go on writing Ghetto stories till I die; in them I could deal with every type of man and every phase of love and hate, ambition, passion, and so on. I may fix the scenes of my future work in the Ghetto, or I may not. I refuse to be bound. I walk through the world and keep my eyes open, and I write about what interests me."

Mr. Zangwill's public is Gentile and not Jewish. The well-to-do Jew does not care to drag the squalor of Mid-Eastern street into the light of day. In this connection Mr. Zangwill relates that the production of his *Children of the Ghetto* at the Adelphi was deliberately wrecked by a crowd of Jewish hoodlums in the gallery, who, whenever the audience applauded, shouted "order" so persistently, that after a while no attempt was made to cheer even by those who enjoyed the performance.

Morley Roberts' new problem novel, *Lord Lintithorpe*, which is supposed to deal with a thinly disguised representation of the Earl of Rosebery, is a very readable book. The heart of the novel is in the problem that confronts a rising young politician named Harford. A general election is coming on, and a certain man holds letters, the publication of which means everything to Harford's chief, Lintithorpe. He is asked to obtain them. His political chances, and even his success in love, appear to hinge on his getting these documents. But the holder of them is on the other side; he knows what disclosure of them will mean; he refuses to give them up. Harford is informed of a private scandal in this man's life. By using his knowledge of this scandal he could obtain the papers. Whether to act according to the code of a gentleman, losing success for himself and for his party, or to gain the papers at the expense of his self-respect—that is the great question. The solution is one that is fraught with tragedy. It would not be fair to Mr. Roberts to give it here.

Discussion of the authorship of *An Englishwoman's Love Letters* still rages unsatisfied. In London a lady has advanced an ingenious clue: "About thirty years ago," she writes, "a small booklet of poems appeared, written by Elizabeth Cross, the sister-in-law of George Eliot. Shortly after their publication the poems were withdrawn from circulation, and all outstanding copies attainable bought up. To any reader whose memory goes back for thirty years, the similarity, in tone and treatment, of the story told in these poems, and that related in the *Englishwoman's Love Letters*, must be apparent; there is the same poetical feeling, the same passion, and the same purity. If this is the case, and both letters and poems were written by the same hand, as seems probable, surely it is strong evidence that the dread spectre of insanity in the family was the cause of the girl's life tragedy, especially when the sad mental collapse of Mr. Cross, on his honeymoon at Venice, is remembered."

The gentleman who lately remarked in the Chicago "Dial" that "we read Shakespeare as a duty," continues to state his opinion on the question in the current number of that periodical. "Though Shakespeare," he declares, "is said by many critics to be equally adapted to the stage and the closet, yet, as a matter of fact, he is rarely read save perfunctorily by college instructors and classes and by some precieuses. In short, we are growing beyond the Shakespeare idolatry period, just as we are growing beyond the period of the idolatry of the Graeco-Roman classics. Like Milton and the Bible, Shakespeare lies unopened in most cultivated homes from one year's end to another, at least as far as spontaneous pleasurable reading goes. If an honest census were made of those who, daily, weekly, or even monthly, turn to the reading of Shakespeare 'with delight,' their number would be found to be amazingly small. For those few, however, I have admiration and even envy; but I am unwilling to admit them as the sole representatives of the children of

light and the saving remnant from Philistinism in this generation."

The Lady of Lynn is the musical title of Sir Walter Besant's forthcoming novel.

Disraeli left several large boxes of valuable papers out of which material for a deeply interesting biography can be made. Nothing so far has been done with them because Queen Victoria, with her accustomed wisdom, suggested that "time should be allowed to mellow them for a generation later than his own." Now it is understood that the Queen has approved the plan that provides for the preparation of a memoir by John Oliver Hobbes. There is little doubt, it is said, that Mrs. Craigie, who has already drawn Disraeli in a recent novel, will consent to write his life.

In an "appreciation" of Maurice Hewlett in the New York "Outlook," Prof. Hamilton W. Mabie, after pointing out that Mr. Hewlett loves to revel in the mellow beauty of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, has this to say of his latest story, *Richard Yea and Nay* (Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.): "He gives himself the full and free use of the most romantic material. His story is not, however, a mere excursion into fairyland. Romance in his hands does not mean irresponsible creation of scenes and figures for the sake of giving the imagination full play; it means deep fidelity to the spirit of the age which is described, and subtle diffusion of its atmosphere. In Richard Mr. Hewlett has drawn a portrait of extraordinary human and artistic interest—a study of a complex character, executed with mastery skill, and based on profound study and insight. The beauty of the narrative, in many passages, is hardly to be matched in recent English literature."

That Mr. Hewlett has come to stay must be evident to all who read the books which bear his name. He is not free from faults. His manner is at times too elaborate; there is a touch of precocity in him, as there was in Pater. He lacks simplicity and directness. The fact must not be overlooked, however, that simplicity and directness were not the qualities of the times and men described by Mr. Hewlett; the characteristics of the periods with which he deals were rather richness, splendor and elaboration. In writing of these remote times, moreover, Mr. Hewlett has chosen mature readers as his constituency; his stories involve a knowledge of life which belongs, or ought to belong, to maturity; they use very frank speech concerning matters about which this age is wisely reticent; they sometimes emphasize too much emotions and incidents which bear only the lightest and most restrained touch; they are not for the immature."

A Picturesque Custom.

On Christmas day the young men of the Western Isles of the Hebrides go out to fish, whatever the weather may be. All their "catch" is sacred to the widows and orphans of the townlands and to the poor, and is personally distributed with loving care according to necessity. There is a tradition in Uist and Barra that Christ commanded Peter to row 707 strokes straight out from the shore when He sent him to procure the fish which had the tribute money in its mouth. Following this belief the young men carefully count 707 strokes from land before casting their lines on Christmas day; and they believe the fish they get is a tribute to be offered to the needy in the name of the King of the sea, and the King of Peter, chief of fishers. It is called "dioladh deir," tribute-paying; or "dioladh Pheadail," Peter's payment; and it excites much interest among the islanders. Every Christmas day this curious fishing takes place, and all try to enhance the tribute.

**Richard
Yea
and
Nay**

By Maurice Hewlett, author of "The Forest Lovers."

George Murray, B.A., F.R.S.C., in the Montreal Star, says of "Richard Yea and Nay":

"It carries us along as though we were galloping on strong horses. There is a rush and fervor about it all which sweeps us off our feet till the end is reached."

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bute, and in various ways strive to render the alms as substantial as possible.

The haddock, say the people of Uist, was the fish in whose mouth Peter found the tribute money, and the two black spots on its back are the marks of the Saint's fingers. They call it "Peter's fish," and happy is that man who gets the greatest number of haddocks on Christmas day. Throughout the year luck will follow him.

A very beautiful Gaelic fishing song is chanted by the people and boats' crews on Christmas day. It has lately been translated by Mr. Carmichael, of Edinburgh, and published in his superb Gaelic "Carmina." It breathes the very air of the wild west, and the simple faith of the fisherfolk. "Compass for us the fishing bank of ocean," they pray. "Still for us the towering crest of the foam wave. The day of light has returned for us; a fishing—blessing it brings. The fruit of my toil is given for the need of the poor, in the name of the Christ who is King of the sea."

A Dublin Flower.

Not long ago, as the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were driving through Dublin, a corpulent man ran alongside their carriage for such a distance that the duchess stopped it, and asked the man his wishes.

Puffing very little for one who had run so far, the man replied that it had long been his desire to get a good look at their royal highnesses. "But how did you keep up such a pace?" asked the duchess. "Oh, sure, ma'am, haven't I been chasin' pigs all me life?" said he. A reply which surely indicated that a poor courtier had been spoiled to make a good pig-jobber.

Worth the Difference.

At the Middlesex Bar Association dinner one of the speakers told the following story, says the Boston "Herald":

A girl sued a middle-aged gentleman for breach of promise. He married another girl. The jury retired, and the defendant also went his way. The jury found for the plaintiff in \$800 damages.

The girl's lawyer met the middle-aged gentleman a few minutes later in the lobby of an adjacent hotel. "Squire," said the latter, "how did the jury decide?" "Against you," was the answer. "I didn't think they would do that," said the middle-aged gentleman, musingly. "What's the damages?" "That ain't so bad," he exclaimed, on being told. "Squire, there's that much difference between the two women!"

How It Happened.

Hi Stackpole—I see that city feller ye took out huntin' yesterday got a few quails. Josh Gunn—Aw, yes! A fool bird would occasionally fly into the shot—"Puck."

A Dog Story.

Heine, in his delightful *Reisebilder*, describes a watch which was so often sent to a Jew pawnbroker's that it contracted Hebrew habits and refused to go on a Saturday. This reminiscence of Heine is a propos of the tale of a dog, a watch-dog, purchased by a solicitor from a stockbroker in the city, a faithful Hebrew. After the dog had been in his possession for about a

month the solicitor met his Israelitish friend, and the conversation presently turned on the mastiff.

"By the way," said the lawyer, "I've noticed an astonishing thing about that dog. You say you reared him from a pup, and yet he is remarkably fond of pork."

"Ith he now? My grathious! That's funny, isn't it?" said the Hebrew, nervously.

"Yes, it is," replied the man of law, regarding him keenly; "and what's funnier still is the fact that he won't touch a bit when anybody's looking."

She—Don't let people know we are on our honeymoon, dearest. He—Very well. You carry the portmanteau.

In the last hundred years English troops have fought in France, India, Austria, Russia, Belgium, America, Ashanti, Soudan, Afghanistan, China, New Zealand, Egypt, Zululand, Persia, Abyssinia, Burmah, Mashonaland, Corca and the Transvaal.



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THE popularity of the variety theater with the general public was never vindicated more amply than at Shea's this week. The show at the pretty Yonge street bistro was, I think, perhaps the best of the season. There was scarcely a dull moment in a continuous performance of two hours and a half. The bill embraced an exceptional number of novelties, and was admirably balanced to suit the general taste, with something to appeal to almost every individual taste. Mr. Shea is certainly deserving of congratulation on having got together so many bright people in a single programme. Lew Bloom is far and away the best tramp comedian we have had in Toronto. His make-up was that of a real low-down "hobo," and his mannerisms were true to the very life. He sang a couple of exceedingly funny songs, and, which is rarer, sprung a large number of really new "gags." J. K. Murray and Clara Lane, in the operetta Heart and



At Shea's this week.

Hand, pleased everyone possessed of the slightest taste for vocal music. Both are old favorites as operatic singers throughout America. Miss Lane is a handsome blonde, and has a strong, rich soprano. Mr. Murray has a pleasing baritone. Their number was one of the most refined acts in vaudeville here this season. Another charming and delightful couple were Willard Simms and Aimee Angeles. Their sketch is based on the idea of a man who has rented a flat getting into the wrong rooms and proceeding to paper them before the mistake is discovered. As he is only the rawest amateur at the paper-hanging business, the mess into which he gets himself and the room may be imagined. After the farce, Mr. Simms and Miss Angeles gave some really clever and comical imitations of well-known vocalists. How rarely the epithets "clever" and "comical" can be applied to the work of the mimic! Doherty's trained poodle dogs were wonderfully human-like in their quaint tricks and feats of skill. There is nothing in the world more interesting than a genuine triumph of human intelligence over brute stupidity. The Automobile Girl, who, like the Girl with the Auburn Hair, travels largely on the strength of the curiosity her name arouses, turned out to be a rather pretty comic vocalist, supported by a couple of boys with pleasing voices, one of whom had the broadest and most mirth-provoking grin, and by a man singer. They gave some vivacious songs, which were much enjoyed, but the reference to automobiles in the act was a very minor affair.



The other turns in this interesting show were: Dempsey, Mack & Co., in a farce; Miss Flora, an "eccentric comedienne" and slack-wire performer; Belle Davis and two pickaninnies in con songs and steps; and three Power Brothers in an act combining a view of the Paris Exposition in the background with a rather neat and clever roller-skate performance in the foreground. The whole show, as I have said, was unusually bright, and will increase the popularity of Shea's Theater amongst those who saw it.

The Cadet Girl turned out to be an extremely vulgar and trashy musical farce, absolutely unintelligible as to plot, but beautifully mounted and presented by a fairly clever and good-looking company—mostly girls in extremely tight-fitting or unusually abbreviated skirts. "Cherubino" has something to say about it in the music columns on page 10.

Francis Wilson, in The Monks of Malabar, came too late this week to be reviewed in this column. But the opera was preceded by very flattering notices from elsewhere, and it could scarcely fail to be an improvement on The Cadet Girl.

I can hardly speak too highly of the rollicking, exciting, blood-and-thunder melodrama presented at the Prin-

cess this week. Honestly, I enjoyed The Stowaway as I have not enjoyed any play of that class this season. It has an absorbing, if improbable plot, and it was decidedly well acted as melodramas go. Every member of the company did well, but I thought Mark Kent, Anne Blanche and Frances Desmonde particularly good. Alfred Hudson, who, by the way, is a young Canadian of good family, playing under an assumed name, was given a role of some importance for the first time. As Sandy Prowse, the bold, bad chum of Job Hickey, a tough sea-dog, he did his part in a very promising way.

Al. H. Wilson appeared at the Toronto this week in a pretty romantic comedy, The Watch on the Rhine. Mr. Wilson as Metz Strobel made quite a hit with his songs, one of the most successful of which was entitled "The Tea-Kettle Song." The next attraction at the Toronto will be The Night Before Christmas.

London drama is now represented on the New York stage by Mrs. Dane's Defence and Lady Huntworth's Experiment. The former has already been summarized in this column. The latter has the following plot: An English gentleman married to a titled drunkard allows him to get a divorce under circumstances that reflect somewhat on her good name, since that is the only means of escape for her from an association that is intolerable. Free from his society, she finds employment as a cook in the home of a rural vicar. The extravagance of this motive is not to be overlooked, and subsequent scenes are conceived in just the same spirit. The vicar falls in love with his attractive and well-bred ancillary assistant in spite of his pompous and haughty manner, and so does his stiff-necked butler. A captain in the army who felt that he was in reality much more inclined toward the vicar's niece also falls a victim to the high-born cook without struggling to retain the other passion he thought possessed him. He is the fortunate suitor; but not until her former husband, believing that she has inherited a fortune, seeks her out and begs her to marry him again, does the military lover receive his reward.

Near the Throne, the new romantic drama by the young Canadian, W. J. Thorold, is now in full rehearsal every day at the New York Theater. The cast engaged for this thrilling Franco-Egyptian story of what men will do for a crown and for a woman is attracting much attention. Lawrence Hanley, who won continental renown as leading man with Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, and who is said to have played more parts than any other living player on the American stage, will impersonate the handsome swordsman, Captain Balzar. For several years Mr. Hanley was the chief attraction with the well-known Imperial Stock Company of St. Louis, and the last season appeared as Lucien, the brother of Napoleon in More than a Queen, with Julia Arthur. By a strange coincidence, his new part is that of a young officer in the army of the little Corsican while the man of heavy artillery was conquering Egypt to further his dreams of a glorious empire of the Orient. An exceedingly interesting relic that Mr. Hanley will use in Near the Throne is a sabre actually used at the Battle of the Pyramids by a young officer in Bonaparte's army, which Mr. Thorold obtained when traveling in Egypt. The character of Worda, the brave and fascinating Egyptian girl who gallops on horseback through a storm of bullets from the muskets of the Mamelukes, to Napoleon, to serve a sister and to save a country, has been entrusted to Miss Frances Drake. Those who saw her as a star last season in Anthony Hope's play, The Adventure of Lady Ursula, will be anxious to witness her interpretation of this vastly different character in Near the Throne.

The Klaw and Erlanger Opera Company will, ere long, present Foxy Quiller at the Grand. Jerome Sykes is the star. Mr. DeKoven's music in this opera is declared to be the most fascinating that he has yet contributed to a comic opera. It is gratifying to note in this connection that he has returned to the older kind of light music. Of late years the American stage has been saturated with compositions in which the two-step was not only the dominant, but about the only movement. Mr. DeKoven has written in his first act some beautiful English songs and some superb choral effects. In the last two acts, which are laid in Corsica, he gives full rein to his fancy, and his music is redolent with the voluptuousness and color of the true Italian school. Here we find the waltz movement again made prominent. The whole production has been placed on the stage by Ben Teal, who is unquestionably a master of stagecraft.

An engagement of Shore Acres company is an annual fixture at the Grand, and perhaps there is no announcement which Manager O. B. Sheppard makes throughout the season which is welcomed by a greater number of playgoers than this. After all of the light operas, the comedies and the historical dramas, the quiet home story of Shore Acres comes and brings with it emotions which no other play could produce. It is a simple little story, and the art of its telling lies in its simplicity, but it is strong enough to reach the heart of the most hardened theatergoer. Thousands of Toronto people have seen Shore Acres, and to those who have not it can be said that the play is one which can be commended in every sense of the word. This year's engagement, as announced by Mr. Sheppard, is for three nights and a matinee performance, the engagement beginning on Thursday night next. The company will be the same as that seen here last year, with the exception that Mr. James T. Galloway will take the role of Uncle Nathaniel. Mr. Galloway, it will be remembered, alternated with Mr. Herne, the author of the play, in the original presentations of the character.

For next week Mr. Shea promises: "The best show I have offered in Toronto." It is headed by Staley and Birbeck, who have an act that makes people stand up to applaud it. The scene opens in a blacksmith shop, in which both artists get music out of wagon wheels, anvils, etc. The lights go out, and inside of ten seconds the audience is looking at a parlor setting, and both artists have changed from their work clothes to evening dress. Again a change is effected as quickly and the blacksmith shop scene is again on the stage. It is said to be the most marvelous change ever seen on a stage. Filson and Errol, assisted by Harold S. Godfrey, will appear in a sketch called A House Divided. Eleanor Falk and her "Eight Pansies" will be heard in a novelty singing act. Other good acts on the bill include Little Elsie, the pocket edition of Cissie Loftus; Max Waldon, impersonator; the Sugi-



"Jump right on, ladies. Don't be afraid. He's well broken and kind."

moto Japs, acrobats and jugglers; McMahon and King, Johnnie Johns, and Allan Shaw.

The excellent productions of well-known plays which the Valentine Company has been offering at the Princess have served to bring the very efficient stock company into considerable popularity with Toronto playgoers. At the beginning of the engagement the Valentine Company was handicapped by the unfavorable results of the preceding season at the Princess, but the performances have been so genuinely satisfactory from week to week, and each artist has labored so conscientiously, that an entirely new clientele is being drawn to the King street theater. For the week commencing next Monday, the play will be Bootles' Baby, the well-known English military comedy. The principal figure in the play is Captain Algernon Ferrers, of the Scarlet Lancers, who is nicknamed "Bootles." He finds a baby girl in his room in the barracks, with a letter from the child's mother which proves that the little one is intended for one of the other officers. Bootles adopts the child, and one of his lieutenants announces his intention of marrying her when she is of age. The child, Mignon, grows up in the barracks and becomes a general favorite with all, and before the story is ended has the satisfaction of seeing her mother married to Bootles. There is much clever comedy in the four acts, and incidentally a touch of the pathetic here and there that gives it an added charm. The Valentines promise an elaborate production, and the cast will embrace all the favorites of the company.

Souvenirs of Osborne Searle, the popular light comedian of the Valentine Company, will be distributed at the Princess next Monday night. LANCE.

Notes From the Capital.

THE COUNTESS OF MINTO, accompanied by her sister, the Countess of Antrim, Lady Ruby Elliot, and Mr. Arthur Guise, occupied the Vice-Regal box in the Russell Theater at the Saturday evening performance of A Runaway Girl. Another box on that occasion was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Harold McGivern, and their friends from Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Harris, and Miss Lansing. The Ottawa men of the Second Contingent had arrived in Ottawa only the previous day, and many of them were at the theater on Saturday evening—unmistakable soldiers in khaki. Among the returned heroes—not in khaki, but in faultless evening dress—was Colonel Evans, who appears to have been one of the most popular officers with the Canadians, and, unlike most of the others, is now escaping criticism. Miss Georgina Pope, who was superintendent of the nurses of the Canadian Red Cross branch, is in Ottawa, the guest of her brother, Mr. Joseph Pope, and will remain here for the winter, as she is badly in need of rest after the hardships of life in South Africa, and the not too pleasant month on the ocean.

Miss Teresa Wilson spent a day or two in Ottawa on her return from the meeting of the executive of the National Council of Women at Montreal. She was the guest of her old friends the Victorian nurses at their cheery little home in Somerset street, which, it will be remembered, was the handsome gift of Hon. Senator Cox. Miss Wilson's visit was all too short, and many who would like to have spoken a word of welcome to her had not the opportunity. She was the guest of Professor and Mrs. Robertson at supper on Sunday evening, and during the day found time to interview the May Queen on the chances of the May Court finding it possible to organize a girl's meeting at the annual convention of the National Council to be held at London, Ont., next July. At last Wednesday's club morning of the May Court, an interesting paper on Sir Edwin Landseer was read by Miss Mary Cartwright, and the current events were very ably managed by Miss Constance Fletcher. Lady Cartwright was the hostess at a ladies' luncheon on Friday of last week. Her guests were Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. King, Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Walker Powell, Mrs. Keeler, and Mrs. Clifford Sifton. The table was prettily decorated with pink and white flowers, and ribbons of the same colors.

Mr. Victor Heron, of Toronto, has been spending a week's holiday in Ottawa, the guest of his uncle and aunt, Hon. R. W. and Mrs. Scott. It is two years since he left Ottawa to reside in Toronto, but he is still well remembered by many Ottawa friends, who gave him a warm welcome. He was a guest at a number of informal entertainments last week, several of which were got up in his honor.

Mrs. King, wife of Mr. Justice King, of the Supreme Court, has sent out cards for a dance at her residence on the night of Tuesday, January 22nd. It will be the formal "coming out" of Miss Roma King, one of the prettiest "buds" of the season. One or two other dances are spoken of as coming off this month. On Thursday of this week a smart ball will be given in the Old Faquet Court by Mrs. John Coates. Mr. John Coates returned not long ago from Australia, so he will be here to do the honors, as he knows so well how. Mrs. Blaikney and Mrs. Campbell, both of Toronto, and both daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Coates, are here, having stopped over for the dance. Their younger sister, Miss Coates, is a tall, fair girl, with a very sweet manner, and already a great favorite in Ottawa. There is also to be a calico ball to enliven the Capital during this month. It is to be a charity ball, and to take place in the Russell House, which Mr. St. Jacques has kindly loaned for the chosen evening. The cards are not yet out, so one is not sure of the date. It is to be under Vice-Regal patronage, and supplied as well with twelve prominent lady patronesses. A calico ball is something novel to Ottawa, and there is a great deal of pleasurable anticipation forerunning this one.

The photographers have been kept in a state of great activity since the children's fancy ball at Government House. Not a child was there but had to be photographed afterwards. Some enterprising photographer will, no doubt, make a picture of the ball-room as it looked that night with the children in it. One of the best dresses at the ball, and one which I do not remember mentioning in my last letter, was Sergeant Busz, counsel for plaintiff in the celebrated case of Bordell versus Pickwick. The little gentleman who wore this dress, which is little different from that worn by the legal lights of the English law courts of to-day, was Master Henry Sifton, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Sifton. Below the lawyer's grey wig one discovered a very interesting, plaintive little face, and the fact that the boy was slightly lame only added to the dignity of the learned "sergent." The Sifton boys all wore good dresses, and went as "somebody," not just "something," as people are so wont to do at fancy balls. The eldest, Master Jack Sifton, went as John Churchill, first and greatest Duke of Marlborough; Master Winfield Sifton was Richard Carvel, and the youngest, Master Clifford Sifton, was a very sweet Little Boy Blue—not the only one of that name, by any means. Amongst others, Master Desmond O'Brien, a grandson of Mr. Justice McMahon's, would have delighted his grandparents could they have seen him, in his smart little blue velvet doublet and knee breeches, Honiton lace collar, blue stockings, and shoes with Rhinestone buckles, and a white picture hat covered with white ostrich plumes. Miss Grace Fraser, a niece of Sir Oliver Mowat, went as "The Jewel of Asia" in a green kimono tied with a pink sash, and chrysanthemums in her hair; her brother, Mr. Harold Fraser, was a smart-looking A.D.C. Colonel Turner's two sons were respectively an officer of the Second Regiment of Connecticut, and a sailor in the United States Navy. The military uniform was particularly smart.

Last night the Rideau Rink was formally opened by the Countess of Minto, who was the hostess at an At

Home. A number of improvements have been made in the rink, and the formal opening had been deferred until these were finished. The ice was in perfect condition, and although there were a good many people, both skating and looking on, there was no crowding. His Excellency the Governor-General had a bad fall at the very beginning of the evening, a fall which put his shoulder out and called for professional skill to put it in again. There are not many men, even though they happened to be the host, who would have stayed out the evening as His Excellency did. His right arm was fastened across his breast, but he led the first march with the Countess of Minto, and continued to skate until the final number on the programme. The tea-room was charmingly arranged, one large table and a number of small ones, and on all of them clusters of fragrant pink roses. The Countess of Minto had supper at one of these small tables with Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Countess of Antrim and Mr. A. G. Blair, His Excellency and Lady Laurier, Mrs. O'Grady-Haly and Mr. Fielding were at another table. It was a really substantial supper, and the liveried servants from Government House were there to wait on the guests. There were many pretty skating costumes, which showed to advantage in the cheery light which fills the rink at these evening parties. Lady Minto wore bright green with a smart little black coat and black hat. Lady Eileen and Lady Ruby Elliot were in blue. Miss Elsie Ritchie had a pretty mauve frock, and Miss Ritchie one of becoming rose cloth. Miss Plowden was not there. Lady Antrim skated a little in the early part of the evening. Miss Elliot looked on from the glass windows of the tea-room. Captain Graham, A.D.C., and Captain Bell, A.D.C., Mr. Ian Malcolm and Viscount Dunluce were there from Government House. One noticed Colonel Evans amongst the onlookers, and amongst the skaters a number of men in khaki.

Next Monday night Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott will be the host and hostess at an At Home at the Rideau Rink. AMARYLLIS.

Description of the Heroine of a Romantic Play: New York "Dramatic Mirror."



"She has a beautiful eye with a low brow; her ear is as the rose; her mouth is cherry-like, and her neck is that of a swan, while her hair falls in wondrous coils."

The Greatest Books of the Century.

WHAT books have had the greatest influence upon the thought of the nineteenth century? Answers to this question have appeared in the New York "Outlook," from James Bryce, Henry M. Van Dyke, Arthur T. Hadley, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William De Witt Hyde, Edward Everett Hale, and G. Stanley Hall. It is noteworthy that they agree upon but one book as of undoubted pre-eminence—Darwin's "Origin of Species." Their lists (Colonel Higginson's list being of authors, not of books) are as follows:

By James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth"—1. "Origin of Species," Darwin; 2. "Faust," Goethe; 3. "History of Philosophy," Hegel; 4. "The Excursion," Wordsworth; 5. "The Duties of Man," Mazzini; 6. "Das Kapital," Karl Marx; 7. "Le Pape," De Maistre; 8. "Democracy in America," Tocqueville; 9. "Population," Malthus; 10. "Les Miserables," Hugo.

By Henry Van Dyke, Professor of English Literature at Princeton.—1. "Lyrical Ballads," Wordsworth; 2. "Waverley," Scott; 3. "Aids to Reflection," Coleridge; 4. "Sartor Resartus," Carlyle; 5. "Essays," Emerson; 6. "Modern Painters," Ruskin; 7. "A System of Logic," J. S. Mill; 8. "Works of Reid," Sir W. Hamilton; 9. "Origin of Species," Darwin; 10. "In Memoriam," Tennyson.

By Arthur T. Hadley, President of Yale University.—1. "Civil Code," Napoleon; 2. "Faust," Goethe; 3. "Encyclopedia of Philosophical Sciences," Hegel; 4. "World as Will," Schopenhauer; 5. "Education of Man," Froebel; 6. "Mondays," Sainte-Beuve; 7. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Stowe; 8. "Principles of Psychology," Spencer; 9. "Origin of Species," Darwin; 10. "Life of Jesus," Renan.

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.—1. Scott; 2. Heine; 3. Wordsworth; 4. Hegel; 5. Robert Owen; 6. Darwin; 7. Emerson; 8. Tolstoy; 9. Hawthorne; 10. Browning.

By W. De Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College.—1. "Logic," Hyde; 2. "Positive Philosophy," Comte; 3. "Principles of Geology," Lyell; 4. "Origin of Species," Darwin; 5. "Synthetic Philosophy," Spencer; 6. "Sartor Resartus," Carlyle; 7. Emerson's "Essays"; 8. "Modern Painters," Ruskin; 9. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Stowe; 10. Browning's Poems.

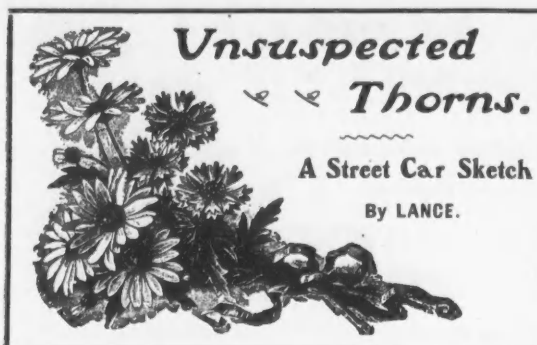
By Edward Everett Hale.—1. "Faust," etc., Goethe; 2. "Origin of Species," Darwin; 3. "Democracy in America," De Tocqueville; 4. "American Commonwealth," Bryce; 5. "Modern Painters," Ruskin; 6. Emerson; 7. Scott; 8. Hugo; 9. "In Memoriam," Tennyson; 10. "Life of Jesus," Renan.

By G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University.—1. "Origin of Species," Darwin; 2. "Logic," Hegel; 3. "Life of Jesus," Strauss; 4. "Educational Reports," Horace Mann; 5. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Stowe; 6. "Auditory Sensation," Helmholtz.

The Latest Churchill Story.

AT a luncheon the other day, in a certain city—it could not have been a Canadian city, surely—the little man-of-war was being "entertained." (Pardon the seeming contradiction, but it is likely that he was never more bored.) A fat, middle-aged, effusive party hovered about him (if one individual can be correctly said to "hover.") He positively could not free himself. "Dear Mr. Winston," she made bold to utter, "won't you honor me with a lock of your hair for my daughter?" She is a perfect fiend for war relics! "My dear madam," he replied, grave as an owl, though with a sly wink at Ian Malcolm, M.P., from whose elbow he had just received an appreciative nudge, "I cannot grant your request; for my hair is" (this in a confidential whisper) "a wig! But, if you will let me know where you expect to be in, say, two years' time, I shall send you what moustache I may then have on hand;—for your daughter."

For a moment my lady did not see the drift; but when intelligence dawned, and she realized that she was ridiculous, a red-faced, fat, angry little woman went trotting off—as gracefully as any red-faced, fat little woman, when angry, could trot—to tell all the other persons in the room (both fat and lean) who would listen to her, of the horrible insult which had been hurled upon her by that impudent young Englishman! MERILANI.



SMARTLY dressed people from the Grand were piling into the street cars at the corner of Yonge and Adelaide. The performance had been bright, and they were still chattering, and chaffing like sparrows about the new songs, the costumes and the "gags." Above the babel of voices, the strident clang of street-car gongs, the whimpering of the chained devil in the wires, and the riffling of water along the sodden, slush-embedded pavements, the great clock of St. James' was leisurely telling out eleven strokes.

In one of the cars a grimy, unkempt figure reclined on the cardinal plush where the stove formed an enticing corner against the back of the seat. He was in striking contrast to the white-skinned, carefully-clothed theater-goers. The ladies, in their easily-soiled silks and furs, instinctively avoided contact with his dirt-laden boots and trouser-legs as they passed to their places. He was just a coal-heaver returning from a ten-hour day of honest toil, somewhere down amongst the furnaces of the chimney-studded East. At first sight a particularly unrepresentable coal-heaver too! The penetrating grit of bitumen had filled the texture of his patched-up garments till they shone with a dull, metallic stiffness. It lay in thick layers on his hands and face. It powdered his sweat-streaked hair below the black cloth cap. And his eyes and lips gleamed redly like those of a burnt cork minstrel.

Plainly, he was very weary. Sitting half sideways, one elbow on the window ledge and the palm of that hand supporting his head, he kept his eyes fixed on a point in the ceiling, and his gaze was steady, stolid, and indifferent.

Underneath the grimy one could see that the countenance was pleasant, intelligent, and not unrefined. He was such a young fellow as you could weave a romance about.

The car filled up rapidly, but the seat next the coal-heaver remained unoccupied till the last. Then it was taken reluctantly by a man—a big fellow with a great display of collar and cuffs, and a light mackintosh. This man was a boor, and made an audible remark to his lady-friend, who sat at his other hand, about the Street Car Company neglecting to have trailers for dirty laboring men.

The coal-heaver did not move a muscle. But a hard expression, full of fight, came into his eyes.

Still more people climbed into the car. By this time all the men were standing except two—the coal-heaver and the lady's escort in the light mackintosh. A little fair-haired woman, with a frail wrist strained upwards at a strap, stood for a moment directly in front of the two men. The grimy figure moved uneasily. The other sat perfectly still. Then the coal-heaver got up and said, "Seat, lady."

But the little frail creature thanked him graciously and declined firmly. The coal-heaver insisted. The woman was just as determined. "I would not think of it," she said. "You must be very tired." And the coal-heaver hesitatingly sank back in his place. Then the big fellow in the mackintosh got up, but the little woman declined his offer also—less graciously, less kindly, perhaps, than before.

Opposite sat a gentle-faced girl. She had noted everything, and her heart had moved towards the laboring man. Her escort stood by, and the two discussed the man and the incident for a moment. They did not suspect that the coal-heaver could hear, but he caught something of what was said.

"Poor fellow! How tired he looks! And he has an interesting face. If I had a million, Jim, he should never shovel any more coal." And Jim agreed with her, for though he was practical and knew the world must have coal-heavers, he himself had been "up against the real thing" in his own refined field of labor, and he had a heart for the sorrows of the submerged nine-tenths.

But, strange to say, the kindness of the little strap-holder and the half-heard talk of the girl and her escort made the grimy individual far more miserable than had the boorishness of the cad in the mackintosh. They were unsuspected thorns. It all set his sense of self-pity on edge, and a mist swam in his eyes. When he got home and had scrubbed himself almost clean in the basin of hot water his wife had prepared against his coming, and sat down to cold soup-meat, bread, and tea in the bare little kitchen, the woman's intuition discerned an unusual sadness and weariness in his demeanor. And she gave him an extra kiss or two that night.

For the coal-heaver had a proud heart under his black sweater. And to a proud heart there is no wound like that inflicted by pity. The compassion of more fortunate mortals rankled in his breast long after he had forgotten the ill-revered words of the dressed-up "boonder." Pity is a divine emotion; it is akin to love; and, like love, it often wounds unwittingly. Pity from without awakens pity from within, and many a man who can stand up without flinching against the hard blows of the world weakens and "caves" when his heart learns to feel compassion for itself.

The Beauty of Padding.

EVERY now and then we hear an outcry against the vice of padding in literature. How absurd! My dear critic, do you object to flesh on a human being? Would you have a man go around in his bones? What is literature itself but padding? And yet padding is not always literature. One man pads the skin of an animal in so lifelike a manner that we forget it is padded, that it is stuffed, and we imagine that it is alive. Another simply stuffs it as he would stuff a cheap sofa, and the effect is horrible. Instead of an object of art we have a stuffed skin. Padding is necessary, so necessary that if the stuffing were knocked out of our greatest three-volume novels the loss to literature would be incalculable, whole chapters being lost to the world. But while this shows that padding is necessary to real literature of the immortal kind, it must be done so artistically that the reader never suspects it.

If I say, "Mary came into the room and set the table and then looked out of the window and saw her father coming home at the close of a fine day," that is a bare statement of facts. A hod-carrier could say that much. It is not literature, and it will not live.

Now, listen to this: "Mary knew that it was near the hour when her dear, old father would leave the marts of trade and wend his tired and feeble footsteps homeward. She thanked Heaven that although his hair had silvered and his form had shrunk under the heavy weight of caring care, he could yet devour his three meals a day with the best of them. Therefore she repaired to the dining-room and set the table. Set it so that it would appeal to his eye. A snowy cloth, the prettiest china, perfectly clean cutlery—for to Mary's mind cleanliness was next to godliness—and a graceful vase containing a single dandelion plucked from his favorite mead. Thus did Mary set the table and retain a hold on her father's affection at the same time."

"Then she went to the casement and looked out. Looked out at the street with its throngs of people, either bound in one direction or else bound in another direction. The weather had been perfect and the flush of eventide lingered on the cheek of day even as the rose tints the face of the man who has been a careful liver. The scent

of honeysuckles from the wistaria vine flooded the air with delicate fragrance, and Mary's heart went out to Nature and all her works. She raised the sash and looked down the street. Ah! The dear old man was coming, his gentle feet tapping the pavement as often as was necessary to move him steadily, if slowly, forward to home and daughter. Home and the table set, home and his work all done, home and his daughter glad, home in the failing light."

Ah! There is padding in that, but what beautiful padding! That is the kind of padding that raises a simple statement into the realms of literature.

So pad that ye be named among the immortals.—Charles Battell Loomis, in "Puck."

The Perfect Woman.

II.
HER EYES.

The perfect woman's strongest point in features is her eyes, those windows of the spirit-house through which look out thoughts good and evil, and by which, principally, one must gauge her advancement on the higher lines of development. The kind of eyes redeem all other plain features, and the intelligent use of her eyes has not only brought a gift of information upon all obvious points to the perfect woman, but has often subjugated to her whims the mighty wills and powers of the earth in a most satisfactory manner.



Rulers, warriors, cast-iron politicians, and self-enriched financiers have succumbed before the silent eloquence of a woman's tear-clouded eyes. Husbands have cast aside economy, prudence, common-sense, when wife wept for her own way. And the less potent, if less

worthy, influence of bright, roguish glances has led many a sage man-creature into a pit of doubtful depth, from which the climb has been both painful and costly. There are so many varieties of beautiful eyes that one fails to find time or space to consider them. The thoughtful eye, with its deep concentration, is strong to compel the homage of intellectual folk. The melting eye loosens the strings of the heart, and he who looks lays down his arms before its winning tenderness. The sparkling eye nerves the beholder to his best efforts to emulate its brilliance, wakes up his nature happily, and casts a gentle electricity through his entire system. The wide and wondering eye of inexperience and innocence rouses all the protective and manly spirit of the male creature, and calls forth the best of his strength and courage to guard the woman who meets his questioning gaze with the innocent frankness of a child.

There is little meaning in the color of the perfect woman's eyes. They may be black as midnight, or blue as a forget-me-not, or that deep, tender brown of the Madonna, or the violet loveliness of the Irish colleen. The soul is what makes them important, though it may be a perverse enough psychic quantity, and its work, via the eyes, be contemptible or mischievous. The perfect woman never uncovers her soul-windows without showing to the world some fair excuse. Is it for a friend? Then genial friendship looks blithely out, and welcomes the kindred soul with just enthusiasm enough to be reciprocated gladly. Is it for a lover? Then do not look, you others, into those eyes, lest you go out of Heaven and hate the common, sordid world. Is it for an enemy? (For even the perfect woman has such.) Then grovel, you who dare conflict with her, for her eyes will reduce you, wither you, or congeal you, just as her wisdom prompts. The misuse of very lovely eyes is one of the crimes women commit against their fellows.

Do you know the half-veiled allurements in the subtly-inviting eye of the vain and heartless coquette? Have you met the insolent challenge of the woman who loves to measure her fascination and will against the man who is indifferent or self-restrained? Do you know the swift lightning glance of the intriguer, or the lurid fire of the passion-scorched soul, or the hard, cold, unwinning look, of all the most repulsive to man, of the mercenary, calculating

materialist? These are the eyes which make history, tragedy, or ruin. They overturn empires, and hatch rebellions, and wrench asunder the most sacred bonds. Church, State and society see the effects of their work; there is nothing secure from their destructive influence, nor anything which they regard in the path of their progress. It was because the witty Frenchman knew this that he murmured "cherchez la femme" when some bright life tangled itself into ruin.

The first feature which betrays the ravages of time and the stress of living in the fashionable woman, is the eye. Who has not seen the carefully arranged and fostered hair, the amply and artistically reinforced complexion betrayed and made futile by a pair of old, weary, lustreless eyes? And, on the other hand, there is the "soul ever-young," shining, dancing, sparkling, in a pair of brilliant eyes, about which gather time's footprints of crow's feet and his mantle of snowy locks, but all only making more fascinating the bright and untired spirit which, looking through its windows, laughs at years and seasons. In the Orient, the heads and faces and forms of the women are shrouded in silks, muslins, and laces, only their eyes being left visible. Oh, short-sighted Mussulman, and purblind fire-worshipper! To really reserve the witchery of your women, it were a wiser method to let the draperies, silks, and shawls go hang, and put the hours of the harem into double-blinkers of green goggles! There are various devices resorted to by women for the enhancement of the beauty of the eyes. They must be brightened and dilated by belladonna, shaded upon the lids by black pencil, elongated at the corners, touched up as to lashes (even are there so-called beauty doctors who thread needles with hair and stitch in extra fringes), thus in various ways painting the outside of the house, instead of lighting up from within. The intelligent, observant, cultured, amiable, and broad-minded woman will have eyes pleasant to look at, be they green as Grimalkin, or black as a sloe, but it is idle to assert that even the highest culture can redeem faults of size and brilliancy. It is well, however, for the woman whose eyes are not remarkable to add every grace possible to her mental and emotional make-up, so that in some better life she may be sure of having eyes worthy of her inner furnishing.

CHEVALIER.

Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow.

A Fragment From a Metaphysician's Notebook.

IF it were not for the morrows and the yesterdays, the world would be a very pleasant place in which to spend to-day."

Such is the new cast given to an old truth by a newspaper moralist. More or less we have each and all been conscious of some such proposition, from the moment we were old and disillusioned enough to reflect on life at all. But few of us have put the feeling into words as a formal bit of our philosophy. Its statement as above arrests the attention merely because so crisp and epigrammatic.

After all, what is the matter with any of us except the attempt to get rid of yesterday and to prepare for to-morrow?

Yesterday and to-morrow are two spectres that come out of the grey shadows and sit with us at our feast when we would fain be glad. They haunt us; make us dissatisfied with ourselves, shams to everybody else; and slowly upon our faces, in the fantastic hieroglyphs of age, their unseen hands trace the "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin" of self-knowledge and self-mistrust.

We cannot eliminate the failure, the unworthy triumph, the sin, the unwisdom of yesterday. Nor can we stem the advance of to-morrow, in all its uncertainty and indefiniteness, in all its stern promise of a mathematical judgment and retribution.

This is not a sermon. I only want to ask whether, outside of actual physical pain, anybody has ever suffered something that was not either wholly retrospective or wholly anticipative? Shame, remorse, disappointment, disgust; fear, anxiety, dread; suspicion, jealousy, anger, grief, despair—these and a hundred other terms in the nomenclature of unhappiness would have no terrors—no meaning, indeed—if it were not that the emotions they denote are never affairs of the passing moment, but are the blossom and fruitage of roots that weave backward and forward under yesterday and to-morrow; that have in that single fact their poignancy, their poison, their power to upheave the soul.

Try to conceive of a mental pain of any character, with-

out conceiving of complex relations that involve more than one stage of time. It cannot be done.

Here is where the aphorism of the newspaper moralist would leave off. And here is where it would be incomplete. For as with suffering, so with the emotions of pleasure; they have no true existence in the passing moment, but are derived through inevitable processes—by contrast, comparison, deduction—from time in retrospect or time in prospect. Nor can the mind conceive an isolated moment of enjoyment unrelated in any way to the one preceding or the one to follow.

One can imagine physical delights or sufferings of a purely transitory and fortuitous character. But not so mental states.

The truth is that man is a being who never—except in his animal functions—truly lives in the present at all. Though he speaks of "to-day," for him there is no such thing. What he calls "to-day" is an infinite series of pin-points of time—each marking the transition from time elapsed to time to be. Man is always on the ragged verge of the past or the ragged verge of the future. If he stops to analyze his own feelings he will find it so. There is no middle ground where he can stand at ease. He is always moving forward, pushed by the past against the bosom of the ever-retreating future.

We may therefore revise our aphorism and say: "If it were not for the morrows and yesterdays, the world would be neither a pleasant nor an unpleasant place in which to spend to-day." And when men recognize the truth of such philosophy, then will they commence to live worthily, joyfully, and as kings—kings not of the passing moment for its own sake, but kings of the past and future, in the happy or unhappy conjunction of which man finds his pleasure or his pain.

Thistle-down.

Some women are so vain that on a rainy day they will stop to look at themselves in a mud-puddle when crossing the street.

A woman is not an old maid until she is afraid she will never marry; a man is not an old bachelor until he is afraid he is going to get married.

His hair was of that particular shade which makes the wearing of tan shoes a species of profanity.

The prudent housewife layeth the cloth, though the chicken simmer uncooked in the pot, for when her lord returneth an-hungered and seeth the sign of a meal, it appeaseth his righteous wrath and he proclaimeth a truce.

The first mark of citizenship—counting the strokes of the fire alarm bell.

No matter how short a time dust has lain on a table, the reputation of the best of housekeepers is gone if it is once seen.

And if—a blemish and stain—the dust hiding the long-regretted and almost forgotten sin, suddenly show when the bright sunlight is thrown into the hidden chamber of a man's heart, it is useless for him to say that the rooms more lately occupied are almost spotless—that to the best of his ability he has kept them clean.

Men say they have found out what he is—not knowing that they have only discovered what he was.

"KILMENY."

Deacon Hackett had just buried his wife, who had been a very shrewish and remarkably lean woman. After long haggling with the village stone-cutter, he secured a very small slab at a bargain and ordered the inscription, "Sarah Hackett. Lord, she was thin." But the slab was so narrow that the stone-cutter had to omit the last letter, with this result:

SARAH HACKETT

LORD, SHE WAS THIN

The Yankee Immigrant.

WHILE we in Canada are never free from the clamor for more people to come and settle on our vacant acres and fish along our fruitful lakes and on our unexplored streams, the United States is year after year becoming more stringent in the immigration laws which have to do with the possession of that country which foreigners are assuming. During the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1900, 520,000 immigrants of a poor class, but with sufficient money to pass the inspectors, added themselves to the seventy-odd millions of people who begin to feel that they are encumbering the United States. In 1898 less than half this number found their way into the Republic, while in the banner year of 1882, 788,000 came from afar and joined the toilers and tramps in the country which has now no more use for immigrants. A journal, commenting upon the gradual growth of immigration, says: "A few years ago a Syrian, Turk or Armenian was a curiosity among immigrants; to-day he scarcely attracts attention." An effort will be made during the Congress which only has until the 4th of March to sit, to further correct the immigration laws of the United States. It seems possible that so many unworthy immigrants going into the States to the south of us may incline a large percentage of the farmers and descendants of original United States agriculturists to cast their lot with us in Canada. It may be wise for us to restrict the undesirable sort of immigrants and depend more generally on the class who have already become accustomed to making a livelihood in the New World. Perhaps the best immigration work which is being done is that which has to do with the frontier farmer who is finding himself crowded out of the United States. He comes to Canada and can take care of himself. He knows how to farm and to vote, and probably if the people of this country are patient we will before long see a tide of immigration which will be everything we desire. It is better to be patient than to be so anxious to get more people as to take those who are refused by our neighbors. We are doing all right as it is; there is no hurry.

Not Ashamed to Change His Mind.

The unconsciously patronizing attitude of some folks toward Deity is seen in old Gaffer Ash's effort to console the father of a stillborn child in "The Sons of the Morning," Eden Philpotts' last novel:

"There's a gert lesson to such a trouble, if a body ban't tu stiff-necked to see it. It do teach us worms o' the airth as even God A'mighty have got a pinch of something human in the nature of Un—as I've allus said, for that matter. This here shows us how even He can alter His purpose arter a thing be well begun, an' ban't 'shamed to change His Everlasting Mind now an' again, more'n the wisest of us. There's gert comfort in that, if you please."

His Conscience Was Clear.

James Balfour, member of the Legislative Council of Victoria, is said to be a man without a single redeeming vice. When a discussion arose in Melbourne about the iniquity of cooking dinners on the Sabbath, he publicly announced that, though he had hot potatoes for the principal meal on that day, they were cooked by an atheist who lived next door.

The Winter Girl.



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Lahn, Tuesday, Feb. 6, 10 a.m.
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Lahn, Tues. March 26, 10 a.m.
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues. April 2, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN
GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA
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Alber, Saturday, Feb. 2, 11 a.m.; Kaiserin Maria
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Canadians Going South.

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Anecdotal.

Sesostrius, King of Egypt, having his chariot drawn by four kings, who were his captives, observed that one of them had his eyes continually fixed on the chariot wheel. Sesostrius asked what interested him so. The captive replied: "As often as I behold the turning of the wheel, in which that part which is now lowest is presently highest and the highest presently lowest, it puts me in mind of the fortunes of man." Sesostrius was so moved by the remark that he gave him all their liberty.

It is related of Bishop Thornloe of Algoma that on one occasion as he was making a pastoral visit to a back settlement he came upon the son of his former host chopping at a knotty piece of wood and swearing like a trooper. The missionary bishop stepped up and said: "Give me the axe," and then quietly and patiently rained blows on the stick till it parted. Returning the axe to the young man, he said in his peculiar manner: "You see now that the hardest knot may be split without

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swearing." The reproof is said to have been effectual.

The celebrated Dr. Cleland of Perth, Scotland, had one of the kindest of hearts and a most unostentatious manner of doing good. Being called to visit a poor woman—the nature of whose disease may be guessed at from the nature of the cure—he said he would send her a box of tablets in the afternoon, which he thought might afford her some relief. According to the promise, the box arrived. But to the amazement of the patient it was filled with shillings piled on one another to the depth of the box, with these "Directions for Using": "Take one after another as the patient finds occasion."

A Roman ambassador who had been sent with rich presents to Ctesiphon, whilst admiring the noble prospects from the latter's palace, remarked an uneven and unsightly piece of ground, and asked the reason why it was not beautified. "It is the property of an old woman," said a Persian nobleman, "who has obstinately refused to sell it, though often requested by our king to do so; and he is more willing to have his outlook spoiled than to commit injustice and violence." "That irregular spot," replied the Roman, "consecrated as it is by justice, appears more beautiful than all the surrounding scenery."

The Duke de Lioncourt, who was banished from France and reduced from splendid affluence to poverty during the Revolution, schooled himself to an admirable equanimity. When in New York he was living in the humblest quarters, and without a servant, though formerly possessed of an income of more than half a million dollars annually. Yet he never complained, and when brushing his own clothes or doing other services which had formerly been the work of menials, he would observe, with a cheerful countenance: "Had it not been for the Revolution in France I should never have known how easy it is to wait on one's self."

The Kaiser recently perpetrated a joke on Herr von Buelow over which all Germany is still laughing. While in an expansive mood he asked Herr von Buelow how, all things considered, he liked his new berth as chancellor. Von Buelow replied that best indeed was the chancellor who had such an emperor, but—"But what?" said the Kaiser. The office of chancellor, Von Buelow explained, was all his fancy had ever painted it, but the chancellor's palace was—well, madame thought that a year's spring cleaning would hardly make the place habitable; as a matter of fact, it required re-decoration, both within and without. "Give my compliments to madame," said the Kaiser, genially, "and tell her I will contribute my trifle to the spring cleaning." Von Buelow went home with visions of a habitation made beautiful by imperial munificence. On the following day Countess Buelow received a weighty package from the imperial palace. Opening it, she found it to contain a hundredweight of soft-soap—her genial emperor's contribution to the spring cleaning. Count and Countess von Buelow are probably the only two people in the German Empire who do not appreciate the full humor of the imperial joke.

A Quaint Old Voice.

Old-Timer and the Young Set. Bygone Training.

ONE of the voices of the past which isn't often heard now—days is that of the eight-day clock, which strikes the hours as they pass in various tones and measures. You remember how briskly it used to lilt out twelve strokes at noon-hour on the day it had been wound up. Nothing so strong and smart in the house as the eight-day clock on Mondays! Then how it gradually grew slower and more modest in its announcements, until at twelve on Sunday night it positively lingered over the strokes as if apologizing to the couple who watched the last log falling into glowing embers, and hearing the slow strokes of the deprecating clock, sighed and proceeded to say good-night. The eight-day clock came in for many a bit of their mischief. When she turned its honest hands whirling backwards and gained an hour for the dance, all the while the good old clock had almost a wink and a smile on his face, as he trotted his pleasant falsehood. When he, full of confidence in mechanical skill, volunteered to correct some small misdeed of time-marking and roused the indignation of the old clock so that it struck 62 and then gave a disgusted whirr and stopped for breath. It was a funny old thing, and many a laugh we had at it, but, like most old folks, it was best left alone to go its own way. Once she, with a revolt against lagging on the part of the old clock, sent it to be unceremoniously dismembered and readjusted. The clockmaker returned a small parcel which he had found stuffed up inside the clock. When she opened it there were some tears and a quiet hour. It was three little leaden soldiers, wrapped in an old envelope, once the pride of a little boy whose high-beating heart and gallant air had held the forecast of his later doughty deeds. "Wirra-wirra," she moaned, as she kissed the little leaden soldiers and set the honest-faced clock upon the shelf. And all day, each time it struck she saw her laddy, rosy and beautiful, and felt his small drag upon her skirt as he prattled of his soldiers, and his dreams of glory in years to come. And when evening came and the clock struck six, and the gloom of winter settled over the land, she sat in the dim window, with the leaden soldiers in her hand, and took the old sorrow out and nursed it—for such is the way of the mother-woman!

An old-timer has written me rather a bitter letter about the young folks who, he says, have taken the bit in their teeth and are trampling over many of the growing crops and flowerbeds of culture in this fruitful land. "What is the matter?" asks the old-timer, after reciting a dozen instances of boorishness, impertinence and rude behavior from young folks he does or

does not know. "Is it the public schools, the coarsening effect of too much publicity in every walk of life, the upsetting doctrines of what is so carelessly called the age of progress, the influence of athletics, or what is it that is turning out hoodlums and minxes instead of gentlemen and ladies?" Certainly, no one will deny that a certain stratum of society is practically "run" by the young folks. No close observer will deny that they don't quite understand their business, and that "hoodlums and minxes" are mild-tempered by some of the thoughtless boys and girls whose home authorities have practically laid down the sceptre and retired into the chimney corner. I never blame the young folks who in their ignorance, high spirits and thoughtlessness tread on the corns of such men as "Old-Timer." Rather would I put the blame where it belongs, on the shoulders of the careless mothers, the indifferent fathers, who know what is right but do not wisely instill knowledge and practice into their sons and daughters. It may be that here and there is born a child so innately vulgar and obstinate that parental teaching and influence have not their due fruits, but were other children well instructed and trained, just the ordinary and usual training given to the past generation, their different bearing and standard would influence or practically ostracize the "hoodlum and the minx."

There is no question, however, that Old-Timer is right when he says the rudeness of some of the young people of the present generation is remarked on by chance observers, to the detriment of Toronto's standing as a well-brought-up city. No one who watches a Toronto public ball, for instance, where the most distinguished men and women are formed into a dance to open the entertainment, can fail to exclaim shame at the various young dancers who make a point upon every occasion of dashing through the set of honor in a two-step, colliding with representatives of royalty, strangers of distinction, dowagers, and so forth, trampling upon their gowns, tearing costly laces and actually laughing or making impertinent answers to remonstrance. This has been the invariable happening at large balls for the past two seasons, the only exception being at Varsity Gym, where the committee determined to protect their honored guests from rudeness, and stretched a barrier between the quadrille d'honneur and the possible invaders.

Now, I do not believe that many of the dancers who thoughtlessly annoy their elders and superiors are either "hoodlums or minxes," as Old-Timer calls them, but there is no question that in this instance they are ill-bred. One of the dancing men of the "middle regime," as one may call it, talked to me on Saturday last, in deep disgust over some of the "manners" which he had remarked at recent large balls, which for obvious reasons are the least desirable of all places at which to exploit them. "Why don't you write them up?" he said, warmly, and lest he also should develop into an old-timer, I am fair to give a small suggestion. Will not my girl-readers, my nice, pretty debutantes, my graceful dancers, whom I regret to say I have quite frequently seen dashing through a quadrille d'honneur in which they had no place, refrain from engaging themselves to commit this rudeness? The men won't go smashing into countesses and stout old ladies alone, and it certainly is rather a pity that countesses and old ladies and fair matrons and dignified men of importance should have to barricade themselves away from the young set to dance the one official dance which is theirs. I had intended to quote Old-Timer's letter intact, but will leave his arraignment of the smokers, the drinkers and the makers of offensive remarks to stronger hands, because personally I have happily no knowledge of them.

How used the past generation to be taught and trained? Well, I'll tell you of one little episode which trained no less a person than Mr. Gay in one small particular. He was once a boy, with a boy's possibilities for training, and after some social affair he and some other young sprigs were discussing the girls they had met. I forget what was remarked, but the father of one of the young chaps heard it; he was a pattern of courtesy, and the juniors respected his excellence. "Hold your tongue, sir!" shouted the "pattern" in sudden wrath, as the comment upon the lady met his ear. "No one but a blackguard would make such a remark upon a young woman, sir. Don't you ever let me hear such a thing again, or I'll lick you, sir!" That "remonstrance," made in clari-tones, struck



"Which one of de prisoners shall I serve first, sire?"
"My dear chief, although a cannibal, I hope I'm a gentleman—ladies first always."
—New York Life.

does not know. "Is it the public schools, the coarsening effect of too much publicity in every walk of life, the upsetting doctrines of what is so carelessly called the age of progress, the influence of athletics, or what is it that is turning out hoodlums and minxes instead of gentlemen and ladies?" Certainly, no one will deny that a certain stratum of society is practically "run" by the young folks. No close observer will deny that they don't quite understand their business, and that "hoodlums and minxes" are mild-tempered by some of the thoughtless boys and girls whose home authorities have practically laid down the sceptre and retired into the chimney corner. I never blame the young folks who in their ignorance, high spirits and thoughtlessness tread on the corns of such men as "Old-Timer." Rather would I put the blame where it belongs, on the shoulders of the careless mothers, the indifferent fathers, who know what is right but do not wisely instill knowledge and practice into their sons and daughters. It may be that here and there is born a child so innately vulgar and obstinate that parental teaching and influence have not their due fruits, but were other children well instructed and trained, just the ordinary and usual training given to the past generation, their different bearing and standard would influence or practically ostracize the "hoodlum and the minx."

Ethics and Childstealing.

"Puck."

Some grave and worthy discussion has lately had newspaper room on the subject of Mr. Cudahy's apprehension of true ethics; Mr. Cudahy having compounded a felony by paying twenty-five thousand dollars for the return of his kidnapped son. The weight of opinion seems to be with the theory that while, viewed in the narrow, human aspect, his act was perhaps excusable, he nevertheless missed a chance to mount high in the ethical scale by refusing to pay the money and entrusting the recovery of his son to the police. Even Mr. Cudahy himself is now in a mood to philosophize about it, and, for all we know, may be considering two opinions of his own act. And that is a peculiarity about ethics. They are somewhat too fragile for use in emergencies. When the concrete has passed into the abstract, however, they become enticing and perhaps valuable. On the whole, we are inclined to applaud Mr. Cudahy's postponement of his own part in the discussion until his boy was returned. And possibly, among his harsher critics, there is some enterprising parent who will allow his son to be kidnapped for purposes of experiment. If he then display sufficient confidence in the detective talent of the country to risk the death or mutilation of his child, he will unquestionably show himself to be truly ethical and public-spirited. But we guess he would not show himself to be so much of a father.

The King's Jester.

Earth is the great King's kitchen, wide and vast.
Where each of us, a laboring cook, doth try
To bake for him some dainty unsurpassed.
To win his regal favor each doth vie.
For 'tis him who cooks the daintiest fare
A boon, that he shall leave his humble place
And gladly mount the great King's marble stair,
To swagger in his halls in gold and lace.
Chance is a jolly jester, wand'ring through,
Who, bent on mischief, casts his eyes around
To find another scurvy trick or two
That to his far-famed foolshipp may be rebound.
He spies a pasty baking merrily,
And "quicker, ere the busy cook can know,
With finger pokes it, swelling airily—
And 'tis a faintest cake is turned to dough!"
Joseph H. Gregory.

Justifiable Insanity.

A man was picked up recently by the Liverpool police who seemed to be suffering from mental aberration, but on recovery gave this account of himself:
When he left his home, early in the morning, his wife kissed him goodbye, as was her custom when she wanted any errand performed, and then asked him to "go to the dressmaker, and tell her that she (his wife) had changed her mind, and would have the watered silk made up instead of the poplin; and be sure to tell her, dear," said his wife, "that if she thinks it would look better with ten bias flounces without puffing, and box-pleated below the equator, which should be gathered in hem-stitched gudgeons up and down the seams, with a gusset stitch between, she can make it up in that way, instead of futing the bobbinette insertion, and piercing out with point applique, as I suggested yesterday."—London "Answers."

ASTHMA CURED

AFTER 35 YEARS' SUFFERING
Mr. H. LeClare, St. Peter Street, Montreal, writes: "For 35 years I have been a great sufferer from Asthma, which I inherited from my mother, who has since died from Asthma. I have spent thousands of dollars with doctors and remedies. Finally my doctor advised a change of climate. My friend, Mr. J. Thom, who had been cured by Clarke's Kola Compound, brought me a bottle, and I afterwards took six bottles of this grand medicine. It has made a new man of me; have gained nearly thirty pounds in weight, and my asthmatical attacks have entirely disappeared. Ten dollars spent on Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound has done for me what over two thousand dollars failed to do. I consider it a god-send to the Asthmatic. A regular 40-cent sample bottle of Clarke's Kola Compound will be mailed free to any person troubled with Asthma. Enclose 6 cents in stamps for postage. Address—The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited, 121 Church Street, Toronto, Canada."

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Means a graduated pleat, smaller pleat at top and bursting into a wider and larger one towards the bottom of the skirt. We make a SPECIALTY of ladies' and children's pleated skirts.

Remstitching, Cording, Fancy Tucking of all kinds.
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Free instruction in all uses of Featherbone.
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CANADA FEATHERBONE COMPANY

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Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Old-Timer.—Your letter has been partially considered elsewhere. I hope your own sons, if you have any, are better boys than your neighbors' seem to be. I don't know anything about men guests carrying off dozens of cigars. How should I? The remedy would apparently be not to provide smokes for the men guests.

An Irish Blake.—Boy or girl, you have plenty of room for improvement. The lady is an Irish Blake herself, and she should be able to unmask you. There is not much suggestion of the eternal feminine in your handwriting. You are strong, positive, affectionate, fond of good things, not easily influenced through the emotions, rather bright in perception, probably awkward in expression and manner, at all events unusual, generally not apt to give your confidence, a trifle pessimistic, utterly devoid of tact and diplomacy, original, and without doubt talented. You are honest and generally constant, and at times somewhat over-frank. But it's a fine, forceful hand, devoid of affectation and nonsense.

Dobbs.—You keep your own counsel and have a healthy mistrust of others. There is much possibility of grace and adaptability, very erratic aim, and a generally amenable and pleasant temper. Writer is bright, quick, and unreliable, without much reasoning power, but a quick, intuitive mind. There is a good deal of grace and some fascination in your lines, and you might easily turn out a successful person of affairs.

British to the Core.—Sorry I made her doleful, if you say she's not; can't remember her writing all this time. My dear chap! Did you want a definition? If so, why not say so? or have I done you? By the way, here she is, the definition. Don't you know that a strong will is much more liable to develop, difficulty than a weak one? The half-and-half is always asserting itself to pretend a strength it has not. "My husband would tell you I had a will of cast-iron," says she. Wow-wow! That's the kind of no one should indulge in a will of that description unless one's judgment is perfectly infallible.

An English Violet.—Not quite so long, you see, lassie! But three months is not so bad. Do I consider it sentimental to admire an elderly man, and to say so openly? I consider it very unwise to blazon one's admiration of any man, old or young. Very likely the words you use are merely trying to give you a hint to that effect. Love your old man as much as you like, but don't prate of it. The idea seems very foolish to an outsider. Your writing is full of care and precision, practical, and very unsuggestive of sentiment, romance, or imagination. I think probably time will add many a worthy trait to your character which it needs at present. It has some marvelous promise of firm loyalty and a suggestion of personal pride. You are exceedingly honest and truthful.

M.K.H.—People are not different here from down your way, and those types are to be found everywhere. The other day I heard of some one grinning over them in British Columbia, and here you come from the other shore, recognizing their truth to life. Your writing is excellent, but not particularly formed. It is likely to develop considerably in the next few years. And so you feared I'd "waste paper basket" you, as you call it? Why, you are a nice lassie, and I never thought of doing so. If you will send your proper address, I may be able to send you a bound copy of the Types, with some you've not yet seen, as a new century present. Your description of your home is so tempting—Ah, me! how I'd love to live in such a place, and to have the sea all around me! It's queer how an "inlander" like me loves the

HEART DISEASE

is a symptom of Kidney Disease. A well-known doctor has said, "I never yet made a post-mortem examination in a case of death from Heart Disease without finding the kidneys were at fault." The Kidney medicine which was first on the market, most successful for Heart Disease and all Kidney Troubles, and most widely imitated is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented.

A single trial will convince.

To be had at all hotels and dealers

The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto Limited

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BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE... ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.



great restless ocean! Let me hear from you soon.

Becky Sharp.—Have I? Sure an' I have that! And I know the whole shore (or bank, rather) of the river on the Canada side, and some around Port Huron, too. I am glad you are interested in the paper, and I hope if you go away to be a "nuss" you'll succeed finely. I you are a Taurus child, Taurus the Bull is the Zodiacal sign for May, and though you are naturally apt and observant and receptive, I don't see much culture in your lines. You won't likely be an old maid—the sign points the other way; so do your lines. You just rope in some bright young medicine man, September or January by preference, and see how happy you can make him. I don't want to pull your study to pieces. It has some fine points, but needs trimming and training. Well, fortunately you have all the time there is to take on culture with experience.

American.—Read hubby's answer, dear Madam Wilful. Thanks for your reasonable wishes. May you yourself live to eat the hen that scratches over your grave.



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Are graceful and comfortable—a rare combination—they fit as though made to order—support, but do not burden. Ask your dealer to show you these exquisite, new designs:

STYLE 397 STYLE 497

A'so Erect Form Style A, and Style B.

You are sure to admire them—certain to purchase the one suited to your figure—sure to enjoy it and recommend it to your friends.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING MERCHANTS

Do You Like a Good Dinner?

See that the celebrated

WINDSOR SALT

is on the table—Pure, Sparkling, White.

Without an equal.

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Windsor, Ont.

O'Keefe's Special

Turn It Upside Down

—DRINKS IT ALL—NO DRESS—NOT CARBONATED

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented.

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His Acridity.

THE following satirical skit from "Puck" is not without bearing on a condition of affairs with which Canada, as well as the United States, finds itself confronted:

"I believe there is a cryin' need," sarcastically said the Old Dodger, "for a convention for the amelioration of the overworked condition of the average title. I think that the rural editors of this country should get together in solemn conclave and decide, once for all, who shall wear the prefixes of 'Prof.', 'Judge,' 'the Hon.', 'Col.', and so forth. With envy and ambition continually strivin' to bust into the fold, the lines have got to be drawn somewhere."

"It should be emphatically understood that only sideshow shouters, sleight-of-hand men, bum orchestra leaders, balloonists, hypnotizers, dancin'-masters, boxers, tight-rope walkers, mind-readers, undertakers and horse-physicians can properly be styled 'Professors'; that the only 'Judges' are jack-legged attorneys, starters of horse races, ex-justices of the peace, defeated candidates for judicial honors, and the other swag-bellied loafers who swarm around the tavern office-stove in winter and lie on the shady porch in summer; that the only acknowledged 'Hon.' is every lawyer that ain't a 'Judge,' and every feller that ever had or ever wanted office, and every feller that ever made a speech or sat on a jury, and every man that ain't got any other title; and that the only 'Col.' known to the most of us is the portly wind-bag who is tryin' to sell real estate, or managin' a country hotel, or carryin' a gold-headed cane, or has married the widow of a military man, or is just simply red-nosed and over-bearin' and 'black in meetin' his financial obligations."

"The time has come, in my humble opinion, when this matter of titles has just naturally got to be settled for good and all, or the first thing we know some erudite educator will creep into the first-named class, a genuine jurist will crowd into the second, honest men will get to thinkin' that the third-mentioned title belongs to them, and some army officer covered with scars and glory will brazenly demand admission into the fourth class on the strength of his wounds and his war record; and the present incumbent will be shoved out into the cold and unappreciative world and compelled to subsist on the plain American title of 'Mister.'"

A Frenchman on the "Woman Question."

"Frederique" and "Lea" are described as two of the most important books for women that have appeared in France for some years. They are by Marcel Prevost, and an extraordinary triumph in one sense of the word, for there is very little love-making in either book, and for the first time in fiction that I remember, writes a correspondent of "Harper's Bazar," a man has succeeded in taking half a dozen middle-aged governesses and making them so interesting that you read the eight hundred pages concerning their uneventful lives without wanting to put them down.

A noblewoman moves through the books. Prevost, a sort of evangel for her sex, narrow, one-sided, but yet with her eyes fixed steadily upon her purpose—that of making women independent, self-supporting, sufficient to

Sparkling Eyes

Rosy Cheeks

Graceful Forms

Come from a few

women's daily

use of the

WHITELY

EXERCISER

It occupies the

least of space

against the wall,

yet gives the

greatest results

in expanding

chest, develop-

ing bust, cor-

recting round

shoulders,

strengthening

the back, and

reducing corp-

ulence.

It brings per-

fect physical

development

to men, women

and children.

Equally essen-

tial to athletes

and invalids.

Your doctor

will recom-

mend the

Whitely if

you ask him.

Made in four

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The HAROLD A. WILSON CO., Limited

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FOR HARDWOOD FLOORS

LINOLEUMS and OIL CLOTHS

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Johnson's

Floor Wax and Polishing Brushes.

Try the Powdered Wax for Dancing Floors

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for dwellings is widely

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87 KING ST. W., TORONTO

J. W. L. FORSTER

...PORTRAIT PAINTING

Studio: 34 King Street West



Miss Behave—Do you really think the leading lady has had as many proposals as she claims? Miss Demeanor—Sure! Every time she hears a champagne bottle pop she exclaims, "This is so sudden!"

themselves. They are to reform the world by beginning with the very earliest education of girls, and bringing them up in such a way that every necessary resource will lie within themselves. None of these women are to marry. This is the only way in which they can insure any future to their work, through devoting their lives to it.

Pirnitz founds her school resolutely without the aid of those two natural protectors in France—the Church and the State. At the end of the eight hundred pages it has all been a failure, as you have foreseen, for otherwise there would have been no story. The characters are exceptional, the premises are unusual, the generalization therefore unjustifiable, and yet, after all, M. Prevost has touched with master hand the most vital principle of the woman question, and that is the element of instability brought into all woman's work through marriage and maternity. "A woman was my private secretary," a wealthy man with enormous interests of every description once said to me. "She did her work as well as a man. She was invaluable. One day she came to me and said she was going to be married. Had she been a man I should simply have given her a thousand or two dollars a year more, and everything would have gone on as before. But she was a woman, and the man she was to marry lived in another place. She went with him. All the threads of my affairs were in her hands, and it was long before I made up my loss. I should never employ a woman again."

A Story of Bishop Potter's.

The Bishop of New York, after confirming a class of children the other Sunday, told them the following story: He heard his Irish cook abusing somebody in the back yard in strong language. He sent for the woman, to rebuke her, and asked at whom she was swearing. "Only a Dago," she replied. "Well, don't you know," said the Bishop, "that a Dago is an Italian, and that you are a Dago, and you consider infallible, is an Italian?" "Sure, His Holiness would be in tin times more infallible were he an Irishman," replied the Bishop's cordon bleu. The story is good enough, but hardly one to be told from a pulpit, remarks an exchange.

Anticipated.

He was a Scotch minister in a small country parish, and he was sometimes put to it for fresh pasture where to feed his flock. One day, however, he bethought himself that he had never thoroughly exhausted the subject of Jonah, and his heart rejoiced. Jonah and the whale was the sort of thing whereby you could easily drag out a sermon its allotted two hours. He was in full career, and had reached tri-

umphantly the anatomical peculiarities of the whale. "An' what fesh do ye think it wad be?" he cried in stentorian tones. "Albino ye think it wad be a haddie? Na, na, it could nae be a haddie for to tak a big mon like yon in his belly. Aweel, albino ye think it wad be a salmon, but I tell ye na, na; it wad nae be a salmon, for deed I doubt if they ever see salmon yonder. Aweel, albino ye're thinking it wad be a big cod—"

Here an aged and weary voice piped up from the body of the church:

"Albino it was a whale!"

"An' the dell hae ye, Maggie Macfarlane, for takin' the word out o' the mouth o' God's minister!"

Not Favored by Fortune.

Victoria's children have not been eminent politically. The Empress Frederick lost her position when her husband died, after a three months' reign. The Prince of Wales, now in his sixtieth year, still remains his august mother's heir. The Duke of Edinburgh and Coburg married a Czar's daughter, and died a minor German sovereign, and had little other history. The Duke of Connaught has been hampered in his military career by his exalted rank. The Duke of Albany is now but a name, except in his one-time personal friends. The Queen's younger daughters have had full credit for their many gifts; but making an insignificant marriage tells in all circles, that of royalty included, and keeps even princesses in the background.

Household Laws of the Kaffirs.

The duties of husband and wife are distinctly defined among the Kaffirs of South Africa. The husband does not expect his wife to build the kraal, or hut. That is his work. It takes from five hundred to a thousand young trees to make the beehive kind of dwelling which is in favor, and which is excellently adapted for protection.

When the husband has erected the hut it is the wife's place to cut grass, carry it home, and that the kraal once a year. She looks after all that is needed in the hut, cooks the food, gets the firewood, and makes the beer, which is not a small task, for the men drink it in immense quantities. It is made from millet and mealies, and is mild but intoxicating.

Until quite recently everything was carried on the head. A Zulu woman will carry two hundred pounds of mealies in this fashion. When a Kaffir was first seen carrying a load by the hand instead of on his head, the Dutch thought it a dangerous imitation of European fashion.

Women have so far asserted themselves as to refuse to hoe the mealies for planting, but they will weed. A woman goes about with her baby tied

on her back, while she rocks herself and croons to it.

When a man dies his widow may, if she chooses, become the wife of his brother. She stays at the kraal, and all the children, including those of the new marriage, are held to belong to her eldest son, who takes his father's place as guardian, and has the privilege of using, supposedly for the common good, all the wages of the younger sons. It thus sometimes happens that a little boy is head over his mother and older sisters. If the widow does not choose to marry the brother, but takes another husband, she loses all control of her children, who stay in their father's kraal.

A Belied Prophecy.

The beautiful and clever Elizabeth Patterson, Jerome Bonaparte's Yankee wife, once gave it as her opinion that Europe would have done with emperors and kings when the twentieth century was at hand. So far from this being the case, the sovereigns of the Old World seem fairly safe on their thrones, and will probably continue to remain so for a good while yet. During the past hundred years many changes have certainly taken place, and monarchs who claimed to rule by right divine have been replaced by rulers chosen of the people; but society in general is not at all disposed to dispense with royal heads.

A Racking Cough

Afflicted the Sufferer For Twenty Years.

Often Sat Up in Bed coughing the Whole Night Long—Doctors Ultimately Told Him the Trouble Was Developing into Consumption—How Relief Was Obtained.

From the "Times," Picton, Ont.

Nothing racks the body more than a severe cough. If it is allowed to run for any length of time, it is very hard to get rid of, and often leads to that most dreaded of all diseases—consumption. Such a sufferer was Mr. Thomas Jinks of Prince Edward County. Mr. Jinks relates the following facts to a Picton "Times" reporter: "I am sixty-seven years of age, and for the last twenty years I have had a bad cough. I was troubled with catarrh, which started in my head, but later spread to my stomach, leaving me dyspeptic. For two years I was troubled with pains in the stomach, and was not able to raise my arms above my head without experiencing severe pains about my short ribs and stomach. Then my kidneys began to trouble me, and at times I could not get out of a chair without help. My limbs and feet were often so swollen that I was unable to lace my boots, but as soon as the swelling went down I was but a mere shadow. My wrists and arms were so shrunken that I could span them with ease. My cough racked my whole body. I have sat up in bed and coughed the whole night long. I tried several doctors, without success. They finally told me I was in the first stages of consumption. In the spring of 1899, a little pamphlet was thrown in the hall door telling about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try them. Before finishing the second box I noted a change, and after using them for a couple of months I was completely cured, and the cough had left me. At present my health is as good as I can wish for, and I can truly say through all my suffering I never got any permanent relief until I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Mr. Jinks added that it was not in his own case alone that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had proved of advantage in his family. His daughter, Miss Mildred, was in very poor health, and scarcely able to go around. In fact, her friends feared her trouble was developing into dropsy. She used five boxes of the pills, and is now enjoying the very best of health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such apparently hopeless cases as Mr. Jinks', because they make new, rich, red blood, and thus reach the root of the trouble. These pills are the only medicine offered the public that can show a record of such marvelous cures after doctors had failed. If you are at all unwell this medicine will restore you to health, but be sure you get the genuine, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box.

The Fall.

THE Young Man started out in life with a great Ambition. Nothing was too Wonderful for him to Accomplish by the Power of his Brain.

An Angel and a Devil accompanied the youth in his Journey up the Hill of Life.

"Leave us," said the Angel, "there is no room on the Path for you. The young man has only Good and Great thoughts in his Soul. Your presence is out of place here."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the Devil, "just wait and see. An Angel's company is very pleasant for a Few Steps—but later on will come my turn."

But the youth steadfastly went on his way up the Hill, cheered by the Angel's counsel, and upheld by his Ambition.

One day the Angel was compelled to be absent for a few hours, and then the Devil took the other's place.

"Come, let us have a Good Time," he said to the youth, "what's the good of Working all these good hours away? After all, there's but one life to live; let us take it at an easy and merry gait."

"But my Ambition?" demurred the youth.

"Oh, that can wait," answered the Devil, "while one is young one should live; when old age comes one can work."

So the youth gave himself up to this specious reasoning. The Devil showed him all the delights of the World and the Flesh, and in the few hours of the Angel's absence the youth completely forgot all those Great and Good Ideas with which he had started up the Hill.

He gaily rolled backwards, with the Devil as company, until he lay at the foot of the Hill. Then the Devil left him.

To him, in his Low Estate, came the Angel.

ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON)

An ale free from the faults of Lager and heavier brands of Ale and having the virtues of a pure beverage.



"Come," said the Angel, "it is not too late. Start up the Hill again. I shall never leave you."

"I will," said the youth.

But when he tried to rise he found he could not. His Limbs failed him. He had the Desire, but the Will was no longer Paramount. His Ambition was but a Phantom that died away as he tried to Touch it.

"Come," cried the Angel.

"I cannot," groaned the youth.

And the Devil laughed.—The "Fable."

A Good Point for the Chinese.

"Harper's Weekly."

We have no particular wish to give comfort to any of the enemies of Western civilization, but now that an agreement is about to be reached in Chinese matters between the allied powers and the unfortunate people of the East, we think the latter should insist that the former should conform to the principles of that aforesaid civilization. Turn about is fair play, and when it comes to the administering of a dose of bitter medicine, the administering angel, if he happens to need it, should also be compelled to swallow a pill or two. When we contemplate the attitude of the followers of Western life toward a humiliated people during the past six or eight weeks there are not many of us who can thrill with pride. The punitive expeditions of Field Marshal the Count von Waldersee have not been of a nature well calculated to inspire confidence in the morals of the disciplinary forces, and in addition to these expeditions and their influence upon the Chinese people as a whole, the spectacle presented to a benighted heathen world by the looting parties that have gone out in the name of civilization and robbed the Chinese shops, broken into and taken possession of the contents of Chinese residences, removed and sold at public auction the portable contents of the palaces of their fallen foes, must be peculiarly enlightening to those wondering minds into which for so many years we have been trying to instill the principles by a strict adherence to which we of Europe and America have become so immeasurably in point of morals their superiors. It is not a pleasant story that comes to us from Peking. The picture presented by correspondents, of officers high in the service auctioning off the spoils, is bad enough, but when from apparently reliable sources there comes information of parties of women of position engaged in the poor business of shoplifting by wholesale, far removed as we are from the scene of action, we cannot but stand appalled.

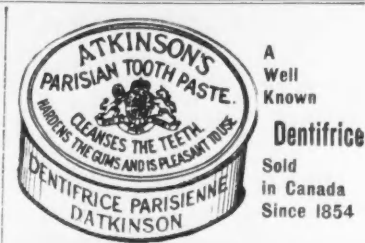
It might work for the good of our own morals if the Chinese negotiators were to take cognizance of these violations of our principles, preached with such heroic insistence for so many years, and in some portion of the agreement should require that we take a dose or two of our own medicine.

Tesla the Faker.

San Francisco "Town Talk." Nikola Tesla is reported in the press despatches to have had communication with the inhabitants of Mars. Mr. Tesla missed his vocation. He should be the editor of a yellow journal. He is the most successful faker of the day. For several years he has proved an inexhaustible source of wild and woolly yarns for the Sunday Sups, and there are gudgeons that take him seriously. He is a bright, young electrician who dreams for advertising purposes. He has invented some interesting electrical toys, and he has been prolific of promises of great achievements, but his accomplishments in the world of science have been few and far between. Of course Mr. Tesla has had no communication with Mars or any other planet. From his own statements there does not appear the slightest foundation for such a belief, though he is evidently anxious that people should credit him with having made a great discovery.

Lord Brougham's First Brief.

The following story tells how Lord Brougham obtained his first brief. Lord Brougham, it would seem, was a particularly briefless barrister at the time, and was on his way by train to attend the assizes at N—. At one of the by-stations a man got into the compartment in which Brougham was, and gave such unmistakable evidence, by the agitation of his manner and language, that something serious was wrong, that Brougham asked whether he was ill. No, he wasn't ill; but he was in great trouble; likely to be ruined. He was defendant in a law case, and no lawyer would undertake his defence, on the ground of its utter hopelessness. "Come now," said Brougham, "I'm a barrister myself. Just tell me all about it; perhaps I can



People who are languid, tired out or suffering from the after effects of La Grippe can here in the mineral waters of the springs win back health and strength. A card will bring you descriptive pamphlet. Everything here for human health and comfort. Health-giving springs, pure air, food and water. Liberal table.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

PRESTON SPRINGS

R. WALTER, Proprietor.

The real art of advertising consists in telling the Public the truth, then again only to advertise what the public want. As to the first point I let the Public judge for themselves, and as to the second I risk the assertion that the Public do want Commendador Port, because if taken after meals in moderate quantities, say a glass or two, it promotes the digestion and prevents dyspepsia and gout.

I am not a Doctor, but the great medical scientists, Dr. Mortimore and Dr. Hood of London renew and say so in their books. But, by Jove, for my own self I say it makes me happy and puts me in good humor with the world, which is something.

help you." The case was briefly this:

The defendant was a country innkeeper, to whose house farmers and dealers resorted to sell their produce and to conclude their sales and bargains. A short time back three men had deposited £2,000 in gold with the innkeeper, with strict injunctions to keep it safe for the day and only to pay it into the hands of all three conjointly. One of the three men succeeded in getting the money from the innkeeper by some plausible tale, and then bolted, and now the other two claimed for it in a court of law. What was the poor fellow to do? He would be utterly ruined. To shorten a long story, Brougham accepted the brief, and his defence was as follows: "My lord, we admit the custody of the money in question; we admit also that we paid it away to one of the three men, in spite of strict injunctions to the contrary; but we are now ready to reimburse the full amount claimed—if the court will produce the three men who originally made the deposit."

Woman's Sense of Humor.

Constant Coquettin, Bernhard's stage partner, in discussing the question "Have women a sense of humor?" in "Harper's Bazar," delivers himself of this interesting paragraph:

"Perhaps I put all that I would express into one sentence when I say that women's sense of humor is more sensitive than that of men, but not so broad. It encourages more often than it creates. It is more a hidden power than an active force. Wit must be used, or it gets rusty. It must be skillfully used, or it becomes sharp and wounds. It is the possession of but few. Humor is like the sun that shines because it was made to shine, and that warms and cheers everything it touches. It is nature. And the sense of humor is the earth where flowers spring up at the sun's glance. Some soil may be barren and rocky, but the waste places are but seldom found, and there are flowers everywhere."

Laconic and Informal.

Young Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's invitations to the ball she gave the other night in New York for her niece, Miss May Goelet, were delightfully original. On a plain visiting card she wrote: "Will you come and dance Wednesday evening, January 2, at Sherry's, at 10.30?" And one society was returned his visiting card, on which was written: "Sure."

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Music.

THE Cadet Girl, the New York musical comedy, which occupied the boards of the Grand Opera House for the first three nights of this week, proved a very disappointing affair, although beautifully costumed and staged. It appeared to be a re-vamped edition of an old opera by Louis Varney, produced in 1880, but with so many additions to the music by Fred J. Eustis and others, with the book so completely topsy-turvyed by our old friend, Harry B. Smith, and with so little of the original left, that the production was bewildering in incoherence and want of coherence. The performance moreover, suffered by a sudden change of conductor, and the orchestra and chorus were in consequence often at sixes and sevens. The principal ladies of the cast had been selected with much judgment. They were all lively little actresses and fair singers, and were pretty much on an equality in regard to musical merit. The men singers were also fairly up to the requirements of what they had to do, although it must be confessed that Mr. Charlie Cox, who filled the role of a supposed humorous baron, a collector of curiosities, became exceedingly tiresome in his transparent attempts to imitate Dan Daly. There is little doubt that with a better piece, and with a better understanding between the performers and conductor, the company would have given a much more satisfactory account of itself. It was a pity to see so much sumptuousness in mounting and so large a company wasted upon such a muddled version.

Dr. Hanslick gives the following account of his visit to Beethoven's birthplace at Bonn: "On my way home from Schumann's grave I came to an unassuming house in the Rheingasse, bearing the inscription 'Beethoven's birthplace.' I entered a damp passage, climbed up a dark, narrow, wooden staircase, and was ushered into an empty, dismal room, the decaying walls and tiny latticed windows of which spoke its antiquity. 'Beethoven was born in this room,' said my guide, as positively as if he had been present on the occasion. Bareheaded and with a throbbing heart I gazed upon the hallowed but exceedingly dirty apartment in which Beethoven uttered his first wail. Then, at the risk of breaking my neck, I stumbled down the gloomy staircase into the street, and was no little astounded when, further on, I came upon a house in the Bonngasse displaying a marble tablet with the device, 'Ludwig van Beethoven was born here.' During my previous emotion I had forgotten the contest of some years ago as to which of the two houses had really been the scene of Beethoven's debut upon the world's stage. The incident, contemplated from afar, has a comic aspect; but on the spot the shock it inflicted was very painful. Of a verity, the authorities at Bonn should insist upon removing the memorial tablet from one of these two houses. Two rival birthplaces constitute an intolerable anomaly. Besides there is no doubt as to which is the house. Thayer's researches have established it as an indisputable fact that Beethoven was born at 515 Bonngasse, and was at least five years old when his family moved into Fischer's house in the Rheingasse. Away, then, with the tablet from the front of this latter house, and never again let a worshipper of Beethoven imperil his pious neck on its abominable corkscrew staircase!"

One of Toronto's talented vocalists, Miss Lillian B. Stickle, will sail soon for Paris to pursue her vocal studies. For the past two months Miss Stickle has held a very efficient way the solo soprano position at Trinity Methodist Church, during the absence of Mrs. Lenora James Kennedy.

The London "Musical Times," now in the fifty-seventh year of its existence, in its leading article of this month, sums up a review of music in England during the nineteenth century in the following negative way: "Let us, in imagination, apply the camera to the musical life in England in January, 1801. No Bach's 48 (the work was not published abroad before the year 1800). No Beethoven symphonies (No. 1 was first issued at the end of 1801). No compositions by Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Brahms or Wagner (they were not born). No Philharmonic or any other orchestral society. No Royal Academy of Music, nor its younger brothers or sisters, the Guildhall School of Music, No Grove's Dictionary, No conductors. No musical examinations. (Happy days!) No tonic sol-fa. No analytical programmes. No organ, pianoforte or vocal recitals. No lady chorists solo singers. No female fiddlers. No surplussed choirs. No four-manual organs. No cheap music. No musical journals."

A Sydney, N.S.W., paper, in its notice of a concert, credits an organist with having played the preludes and fugues of Mendelssohn. The English paper published in Lancashire relates that a certain tenor was heard to advantage in "Ye People, Mend Your Hearts."

Mrs. Mima Lund-Reburn, the popular contralto, has been appointed soloist in the Westminster Presbyterian Church.

The late Henry Russell, the composer of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," who is remembered when he first visited Canada, now seventy years ago, he landed at Montreal, after a passage of nine weeks. One day he came across a shanty to which was affixed a signboard having these words: "Ginger Bear sold here also Goode Bedes." Henry Russell started in the business of life as a chemist's boy, and took expensy lessons in music from a man in Seven Dials, in London. He first appeared at the Surrey Theatre as a singer, at a salary of six dollars a week. Two of his sons have become celebrated—Mr. Clark Russell, the novelist, and Mr. Landon Ronald Russell, the composer known as Landon Ronald.

The plan of the Mendelssohn Choir concert to be given on Thursday evening next opened at the Massey Hall yesterday (Friday) to subscribers, and will be open to the public on Monday

morning at nine o'clock. A phenomenally large number of seats were marked off, and everything points to a crowded house on the evening of the concert. There are, however, still a few good seats left. The chorus is in excellent form, and a most attractive programme of motettes, double choruses, part songs, etc., will be given. Illustrating many types of choral writing and affording every opportunity for a display of the quality of the organization of which so much is expected. Among the choir's ten numbers seven are new to Toronto, the remaining three having been chosen by the public in a plebiscite arranged for the purpose last summer. These three numbers are Bridge's difficult humorous part-song, "Bold Turpin," Gounod's splendid six-part motette, "By Babylon's Wave," and Leslie's fine setting for an eight-part chorus of "Scots Hae Hae," which created no small sensation at the last concert of the old society in 1897. The assisting artists will be Fannie Bloomfield Ziesler, pianist, who is described by leading English and German critics as the most famous woman player of the day, and the popular New York contralto, Gertrude May Stein, who will sing several solos and take part with the choir in Mendelssohn's XIII. Psalm, for contralto and chorus. Mrs. Ziesler's numbers will include solos by Mendelssohn, Moszkowski, Schubert-Liszt, Schubert, Tausig, Liszt, and a group of four pieces by Chopin. As a Chopin player she is pronounced by many critics absolutely without a peer among the great pianists of the day.

The choir of Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, under Mrs. Blight's direction, will give a service of praise on Monday evening, the 25th inst. Among the soloists will be Mrs. C. L. Graff (Mlle. Toronto), who will give her services. Her numerous friends and admirers in this city will no doubt avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing her in sacred music.

Miss Katharine Birnie, our talented solo pianist, will give a recital on the 22nd inst., and will have the assistance of Miss Evelyn de Latre Street, violin; Mr. Hahn, cello, and Miss Brouse, mezzo-soprano.

Music ought to be cheap in England. One of the principal monthly musical papers contains an advertisement calling for trained boys thoroughly competent to lead a Church of England choir; salary \$2.40 a quarter!

The plot of M. Padewski's long-expected opera, Mauri, which will be shortly produced at Dresden, is not likely to commend itself to English people. According to London "Truth" the story is as follows: "It deals with the old conflicts between the Slavs and the Hungarians, or gypsies, the hero, Mauri, being a gypsy, and the heroine, Hunna, a beautiful Slav. The two have eloped and married, to the great disgust of their respective tribes. Indeed, the bride's mother will have nothing to do with her daughter, and in the first act the populace stone the gypsy husband. The principal part, however, is Gombo, a hunchback who is in love with Hunna; and, although incensed against the gypsy husband, will do anything for the lady. Hunna, on her part, is distressed because her husband's love seems to be departing. She therefore obtains from Gombo a love philtre. This seems to be the absurdity of the piece, which is otherwise wise of a dramatic character. The best act is the second, where Mauri is working at his forge, still angry that his marriage has led to his abandonment by his tribe; and where from the wood hut is heard the voice of Hunna singing a cradle song. It is here that the love potion is administered, just at the moment when Mauri's temper is at its worst. The change is remarkable, and Mauri, catching his wife in his arms, the two sing a passionate love duet, in which the two leading motives associated with the pair are, it is said, effectively splendid. The gypsies implore Mauri to return to them and to the love of Asa, the most beautiful girl of the tribe. In the last act the gypsy march is heard, and the gypsies, with their king, Oros—who, by the way, also loves Asa—induce Mauri to return to them. Oros is deposed, and Mauri seems inclined to wed Asa, when the jealous Oros rushes at him and throws him down a precipice. The music is said to be very fine, and the Slavonic element plays in it a highly important part."

The critic of the New York "Sun" tells a good story. A certain English manager, he says, recently visited the United States for the purpose of engaging artists, and was waited upon by a certain American comic opera composer. "I wish I could persuade you to put on one of my operas," there," said the American. "There are at least two of them that I know would make enormous hits. The first is ripe for mine, you know, for what Sir Arthur Sullivan is dead I shall have the field all to myself."

Marcella Sembrich, one of the most finished vocalists of the present day, is announced to give a concert in the Massey Hall on the 5th prox. She will bring her own operatic company with her, including a compact and efficient orchestra. Signor Revignani will be the conductor. This is expected to be the most brilliant event of the musical season.

The trustees of the Massey Hall tried the experiment last Saturday evening of giving a high-class concert at the uniform price for seats of 25 cents. The artists engaged for the occasion were the New York Ladies' Trio of instrumentalists, assisted by Miss Lillian Carlsmith, the American contralto. There was a large audience, but not large enough to stamp the experiment with a convincing success. The Ladies' Trio, consisting of Emma Pilat, violin; Rosa Boerl, cello, and Marguerite Stillwell, pianist, proved themselves to be capable artists on their respective instruments and gave a selection of medium character—that is, the music was neither light nor heavy, although mostly written in classical form. The two trios by Godard and Chaminade were charming numbers of their class, and were intelligently appreciated. The Trio interpreted the pieces with a sympathetic ensemble and with finish of execution. The members of the Trio then showed themselves to be attractive soloists, the violinist and cellist winning the larger

share of the honors. Miss Carlsmith, in her songs, displayed a well cultivated contralto of much musical charm. All the artists were warmly received and received the recognition of encores.

The annual A.O.U.W. concert in Massey Hall on Tuesday night was a great popular success, being attended by about two thousand people. The artists who contributed to the programme were all supplied by native talent, and consisted of Miss Beattie Bonnah, Mrs. Martin Murphy, Messrs. Adam Dockray, Carnahan, James Fax, Harry Bennett, Master Clegg and Miss Emma Irons, elocutionist. The programme, of a pleasing character, was liberally applauded throughout. It is worthy of note in this connection that the present season so far has been remarkable for the increased patronage given to local talent by the managers of our concerts. I do not remember a season in which so few foreign artists have been brought over. Speaking generally, the fact is not one to be regretted, as it may encourage vocalists of repute to throw in their lot with us. The tendency in the past has been to drive away good singers and instrumentalists to the United States by refusing them local patronage.

At the opening service on Tuesday last at Bishop Strachan School the new pipe organ was used for the first time. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison presided at the instrument. It is blown by a water-motor, and is now available for tuition and practice.

Mrs. C. L. Graff (Mlle. Toronto) has kindly consented to sing at the Twentieth Century service of praise at the Church of the Redeemer on Tuesday evening, January 29. She will sing two appropriate selections and will be supported by a choir of about one hundred voices.

A very interesting recital was given in the theater of the Normal School on Monday evening, January 14, by pupils in elocution of Miss Belle Noonan and vocal pupils of Mrs. A. B. Jury. The recitations and scenes given by Miss Noonan's pupils showed skillful training in voice and pantomime, and reflected great credit on their teacher. The singing of Mrs. Jury's pupils was meritorious and unaffected, showing careful work on the part of their teacher in regard to tone production. Those taking the vocal part were Mrs. Hodgins and Misses Lillian B. Stickle, Laura G. Shildrick, Alice M. Halls and Leda Russell, and those representing the elocutionary work were Misses Elizabeth Whitley, Florence Gardiner, Nana Wright, Florence Galbraith, Lina Crane, Daisy Whitley, Miss Violet and Mr. H. H. McKinnell.

Mr. Charles E. Clark a talented pupil of Miss Denzil at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has been appointed solo bass of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Bloor Street. A pianoforte recital will be given by pupils of Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., and Mrs. J. L. Nichols in the Conservatory Music Hall next Wednesday evening, the 23rd inst.

CHERUBINO.

Mme. Sembrich on Her Art.

LET a girl who wants to learn to sing first make of herself a good musician. Let her learn something of a dramatic character. The best act is the second, where Mauri is working at his forge, still angry that his marriage has led to his abandonment by his tribe; and where from the wood hut is heard the voice of Hunna singing a cradle song. It is here that the love potion is administered, just at the moment when Mauri's temper is at its worst. The change is remarkable, and Mauri, catching his wife in his arms, the two sing a passionate love duet, in which the two leading motives associated with the pair are, it is said, effectively splendid. The gypsies implore Mauri to return to them and to the love of Asa, the most beautiful girl of the tribe. In the last act the gypsy march is heard, and the gypsies, with their king, Oros—who, by the way, also loves Asa—induce Mauri to return to them. Oros is deposed, and Mauri seems inclined to wed Asa, when the jealous Oros rushes at him and throws him down a precipice. The music is said to be very fine, and the Slavonic element plays in it a highly important part."

"Then comes the difficult question of selecting the teacher who can do the most important thing correctly—that is, place the voice. Once that is done, as much depends on the pupil as on the teacher. The teacher can do a great deal, but not everything. It is when the pupil has begun to learn singing that her talents as a musician come to her assistance most. If she is a good pianist or a good violinist her work of preparation will not only be easier, but all her practice will be more effective. As for the roles she learns, everybody knows what my opinions on that subject are. This is the advice that I always give—learn the old repertoire."

"It is such music as La Sonnambula, Lucia, Linda de Chamounix and Il Barbiere that trains one to sing well. Learn that thoroughly, and let modern composers alone for a while. If there was anything needed to prove the truth of my theory, one would only have to look at Mme. Patti. She is over 50 now, and yet she sings remarkably, and she has her voice left still. Of what other women can the same thing be said? Look, too, at Lilli Lehmann, who began her career as a singer of the Italian music and is today another great example of what that training will do. It was not until she had learned thoroughly the Italian repertoire that she began to sing Wagner. She and Mme. Patti are two of the last great singers. No young ones are coming up to take their places, and the reason is that the old music which trained the voices best is no longer taught to-day. Even in Italy it is not taught to the singers. They immediately begin to sing Leoncavallo or Mascagni, which is just as bad for their undeveloped voices as Wagner's music."

"After a girl has learned to sing, the next important thing for her to learn is what she should sing. Certain voices, as so many singers seem to forget, are suited only to certain kinds of music. One may have a voice which would last for a long time in singing the music suited to it. But if it is used in singing Wagner or the dramatic music of the younger composers it cannot endure. There is only a certain quantity of it, and if it is used up in two or three years by singing music to which it is not suited, only one thing

can happen. But singers often seem to forget that with a voice suited only to certain kinds of music it is impossible to succeed in entirely different fields. That is a thing which the singer must learn at herself. Society."

Mme. Sembrich practices now for one hour every day, but not continuously. Fifteen minutes is the longest stretch which she attempts. In dieting for the sake of her voice she avoids only sour things. In order not to get stout she eats no sweets and very little flour; but her abstinence in this respect is for her figure and not for her voice. When singing in concert or opera she occasionally sips a glass of water. She drinks a glass of champagne or claret with her dinner, and never takes coffee. Ice water and iced champagne she regards with a terror almost equal to her deep-seated aversion to steam heat.

Alas!

Once a Monumental Bluff
At Temple of Society;
Each of his role had had enough,
And so decided for variety
To swap both character and name—
They found their roles were just the same.
—P. McArthur, in "Life."

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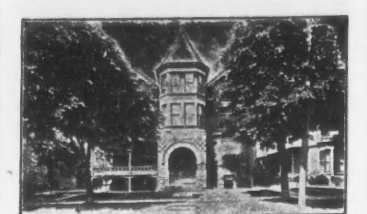
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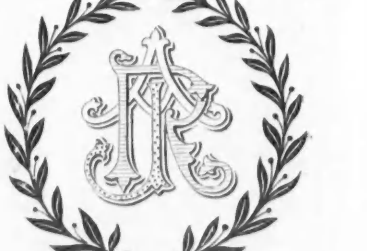
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Social and Personal.

The Lenten lecture course at Trinity College, which has been always a standing engagement for the cream of the social world on Saturday afternoons during Lent, will open on February 16 with a musicale, at which I believe that charmingly unaffected woman, Mrs. Le Grand Reel, will sing. Miss Cramer of Hamilton, with Dr. Crawford Scadding, are also, I am told, on the programme for this sure to be highly artistic musicale. The first lecture is on February 26, by Rev. Armstrong Black, and the following Saturdays lectures by Mrs. Mackenzie of Montreal and John Francis Watters of Ottawa, Rev. Prof. Clark and Prof. Wenley, University of Michigan, will complete a very fine course, for which programmes will be out in a few days.

The Misses Laing of Bedford road gave a small and delightful luncheon in honor of a New York visitor in Toronto to half a dozen ladies on Tuesday. Mrs. Creelman, Mrs. Burrows, Mrs. Harcourt, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Miss Ireland and Miss Worts of New York were the guests.

Miss Amy Cassils of Montreal returned with Mrs. Gordon Oleson on a visit, and has been much sought after at the dances of this busy week.

Mr. Archie Becher of London was visiting Sir William and Lady Meredith and returned home this week. Miss Miriam Hellmuth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Hellmuth of Spadina road, is visiting friends in London. Mr. Gooderham of Waveney and Miss Violet Gooderham have gone to Nassau, W.I., for a stay of two months.

The marriage of Miss Eva Gendron of Sherbourne street to Mr. E. R. Des Rosiers of Ottawa will take place on January 23 at 7 a.m. at Sacred Heart Church, Toronto.

Mr. Horace Boutbee of Iver House, assisted by Colonel Cantley, Mr. Don Donald, and Mr. Ned Boyle, was at home to a very large number of gentlemen friends on Saturday evening last. Music, smoke, cards, and a lively "stag" dance and supper was the entertainment provided, and everyone present expressed regret when midnight and the parting time had arrived.

An aftermath of the holiday season comes in pleasant letters from the country, where Christmas was kept in good old-time English fashion at Curzon House, Goderich, the commodious and tasteful home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curzon, which was beautifully decorated with holly and evergreens. With bright wood fires blazing in each chimney corner, shedding the veritable "couleur-de-rose" over all, after a six o'clock dinner, on a lovely table, and perfect in its details, one of the rooms, about which there had been a little mystery of a pleasing nature, was thrown open, revealing a gaily lighted and fruitful Christmas tree, for "Adeline Brudenoch," the youthful daughter of the house, who, like the others present, was more than charmed with pretty gifts. The grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Radcliffe, were very well, and entered heartily into everything. A number of other friends drove out from town, and all joined in a merry dance until one in the morning.

The Art Study Club met as usual on Monday, the 14th of January, at 4 p.m. in the examiners' room of the Education Department. Papers were read on "Modern German Painters."

The Hamilton contingent in this city has been augmented by Lieutenant J. D. Laidlaw, 13th Battalion, who has been transferred to a Toronto office this week.

A correspondent asks the favor of the insertion of the following paragraph: "Sunday, January 20th, will be a 'red-letter' day at the Salvation Army Temple, where Miss Booth (chief forces in this country) will conduct the opening services of a series of meetings entitled 'The White Crusade.' She will preach at 11 a.m., 3 and 7.30 p.m. The field commissioner will be accompanied by the officers attached to headquarters staff, also her famous scarlet-coated band will be in attendance. We look forward to these meetings with great anticipation, praying for an overwhelming outpouring of God's Spirit in our midst. These will be the last public meetings Miss Booth will conduct in this city previous to her long and hazardous tour to her beloved comrades in Newfoundland."

A dinner was given at the Rideau Club, Ottawa, on Wednesday evening in honor of Lieut.-Col. Lawrence Buchanan, Royal Canadian Regiment, one of the heroes of the South African campaign, by a few of his many friends in Ottawa. Among those present were His Excellency the Earl of Minto, Major-General O'Grady-Haly, Captain

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Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Erskine returned from their wedding trip last week, and Mrs. Erskine held her post-nuptial receptions on Thursday and yesterday afternoon and last evening, at 3 Nassau street.

On last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Edgar Jarvis asked some young people for tea, to which was added the great pleasure of meeting Miss Culbertson, fiancée of her son. This sweet Buffalonian was on a visit to Mrs. Jarvis and the Misses Jarvis, and was much admired at the dance of the previous evening. The young folks enjoyed the tea very much.

Mr. Norman Evans has gone to Belleville, the Dominion Bank having ordered him to their office in that city. Mr. Hamilton Harman, Bank of Montreal, spent the holidays in Toronto.

News from Mrs. Paul Krell tells that the fascinating Aberdonian is now spending some time in Cairo. Many of her Toronto friends were hoping to welcome her here this season.

I was very much in error in stating that Lady Edgar directed the pretty affair in aid of the Nursing-at-Home Mission given at Craigleigh last week. The item was inserted quite inadvertently, as all Lady Edgar's friends know that she has never broken the seclusion of her widowhood by any such act as was accredited to her. It was Miss Edgar who superintended the entertainment at Craigleigh.

Judge Morson is one of a gripe's victims this week. Mr. W. R. Riddell, Q.C., has been quite ill, but is better. Mrs. George Hodgins has been confined to bed with a gripe.

Miss Agnes Vickers returned last week from a visit of some duration with the family of her fiancé, Mr. Mackenzie, in London. Mr. Mackenzie spent the Christmas holidays in Toronto, the guest of Mrs. Vickers.

Mrs. Graff (Miss, Toronto) and Mr. Robert Drummond are to sing at the service of praise conducted by Mrs. Harry Blight on January 28 in Bloor Street Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. W. H. Blake has returned with her little daughter from a visit to her mother, Mrs. Law, in Montreal. Miss Frances Colley Foster has gone to Montreal on a visit. Mrs. Warwick (nee Murphy of Ottawa) has returned from a visit to her former home, bringing with her her mother, who has recently been quite ill.

A very pretty and pleased audience greeted the four ladies who came from New York on tour and gave a concert in Massey Hall last Saturday evening. The pianist and violinist are very charming girls and finished artists. The 'cellist was not equal to expectations, and failed to enthrall the audience. The vocalist sang several very charming selections. The audience received her little old English song—about the maid with the delicate air—with delight, and the quaint old Irish folk-song, with its meandering cadences, which was accompanied by the trio of instruments, was a bonne bouche best appreciated by the Paddies present, who seemed quite numerous. I never noticed a prettier little group than was formed by the trio—the violinist, a bright graceful girl in a very smart canary frock of chiffon over silk, with wide black lace insertions and bolero, and the 'cellist, a plump young matron, from Eastern Europe, in pale blue chiffon and silk, while between them sat the golden-haired young pianist in black velvet and lace, with snowy neck and arms, and doing very good things to the piano with clever fingers. I heard them also saying, these three, one day this week on the train, that they had liked very much their Toronto audience.

The Misses Brock of the Queen's Park gave a young folks' tea last Saturday. Mrs. and Miss Brock received in the drawing-room. The Misses Gertrude and Muriel Brock were in the tea-room, where a table was bountifully set and beautified with many pink roses and ferns, centered with

white tulle and lighted with pink-shaded candles in silver branches. The Misses Clark, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Madge Davidson, Miss Grace Cawthra, Miss Melvin-Jones, Miss Brouse, Miss Perkins, Miss Temple, Miss Dwight, Messrs. Wilkie, Warden, McMillan, Ross, Harbottle, Laing, Drummond, McDonald and Clark were among the guests, with two or three recently-married people.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Nordheimer gave a very smart young folks' dance at Glenedyth, which, like all entertainments of which she is hostess, was perfectly arranged and carried out.

Miss Ethel Matthews returned from Montreal in time for the young people's dance at Craigleigh, where she was, as usual, a belle who had no rival.

Mrs. Capreol of 120 Madison avenue has rented her house for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Hamilton, who are the occupants, will be welcome from Winnipeg to Toronto.

Miss Mae Bull has returned from the Pacific Coast. Mrs. J. O. Miller of St. Kitts and Mrs. Waterman of Santa Barbara were guests of Mrs. Murray Alexander, in whose honor the tea of last Saturday was arranged.

A very great acquisition to Toronto society is Doctor Laing, one of this year's appointments to the professional staff of Toronto University. Dr. Laing is becoming an immense favorite.

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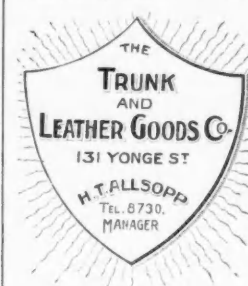
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Social and Personal.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ponton and the officers of the 15th Regiment sent a most patriotic New Year's greeting to their friends. The billet is printed in deep blue, with red capitals, and reads: "Lieutenant-Colonel Ponton and officers of the XV. Regiment, Argyll Light Infantry, cordially wish their friends and their comrades of the Canadian Militia a Happy and Prosperous New Year. May we together, in the New Century, ever feel the 'touch of British Brotherhood,' and as Soldiers of the Queen may we prove—as our representatives in South Africa have done—in deeds as well as words—that

"Not once or twice in our great Empire's Story
The path of duty is the way to Glory."

Mrs. James J. Ashworth (nee Hills) was the hostess of the Dancing and Euchre Club last Wednesday evening at her pretty bridal home in Bedford road. Miss Ashworth, who was to have received the Club, was prevented by illness in the family from doing so.

Mrs. Lines, a very well-known prominent resident of Brantford in bygone days, died recently at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Hector Lamont, Sherbourne street, at an advanced age. Mrs. Lines was a handsome and very capable old lady until a short time since, when the burden of years enfeebled her. Two daughters, Mrs. Hector and Mrs. Will Lamont, and several grandchildren, among them the dainty little dancers, Miss Millie and Dottie Lamont, who were so much missed at last week's ball, are residents of Toronto, and their many friends sent them kindest condolences.

Mr. and Mrs. Hemmick of Washington, who have taken Idalia, the Seymour place, in Port Hope, and have this year remained over for the winter, with their son and daughter came down to the Yacht Club ball last week. Mrs. Hemmick chaperoned Miss Minette Clarke of Washington, and Mrs. Ralston (a former resident of Port Hope, now of Denver, nee Passmore) was also of the party who stopped at the Queen's until next evening. Mrs. Hemmick wore an exquisite black lace gown over lavender satin; Miss Hemmick wore white crepe de chene, with many insertions of Renaissance lace on skirt and bodice; Miss Minette Clarke wore a very dainty gown of white mousseline de soie over pink; Mrs. Ralston wore a yellow gown, with overdress of black velvet, and narrow bands of black velvet, and rosettes for sleeves. Mr. Van Voorhis, commodore of the Rochester Yacht Club, was another United States guest very welcome.

The engagement of Mr. C. C. Smith and Miss Aileen Dawson is announced.

Mrs. James Stuart of Sackville street is visiting friends in New York and Philadelphia.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at half-past three on Tuesday afternoon at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, the Rev. Alexander Williams officiating, when Miss Leila Bower Nicholas was married to Mr. John Y. Paul of Pittsburg, Pa. The bride wore her traveling dress and carried a bouquet of roses. The bridesmaids were the two cousins of the bride, Miss Jessie and Miss Marjory Hills. The groomsmen were Mr. B. Hills, cousin of the bride. After a breakfast at the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. Fred Habart, in College street, Mr. and Mrs. Paul left for their new home in Pittsburg. Miss Nicholas is a native of London, Eng., who has been for some years living with relatives in Toronto.

Miss Verna Smith entertained on Wednesday night at progressive euchre at her home in Orde street. After the game supper was served at small tables. The guests were: Miss Florence Baird, Miss Proctor, Miss Ellis, Miss Evelyn Perrin, Miss McKee, Miss Agnes Young, Miss Helen Boyd, Miss Thomas, Miss Mabel Greenwood, Miss Florence Allison, Miss Sylvester, Miss Stanway, Messrs. Gale, Bunting, Sadler, Dean, J. Young, Proctor, Thorne, N. Young, Johnston, Wilson, Horrocks, and Bain.

A bright guest at the Yacht Club ball was Mrs. Henry Brown, who, in silver grey poplin, trimmed with pink chiffon and lace, and chaperoned her daughter, Miss Bessie Brock (a debutante), who wore white velours, trimmed with chiffon and ribbon, and was very much admired.

The Literary Institute of Trinity College will hold its annual convocation on Wednesday, February 6th. The council is: E. P. S. Spencer, M.A., Dr. T. Owen, H. J. Johnson, B.A., J. Dunning, H. D. Woodcock, W. E. Kidd, A. C. Lancelotti, W. C. White, W. H. Mockridge, secretary.

A reception was given by Mr. Gerald S. Hayward on Saturday afternoon at his studio, 49 Fifth avenue, New York, to exhibit a miniature he has just finished of the late Lady Frankland, wife of Sir Frederick Frankland, tenth baronet of Thistleby, England, and only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John di Zerega. The picture, which is ideally beautiful, is not only an exquisite work of art, but an admirable portrait, and was greatly admired. Among the visitors were the Duke of Newcastle, Mrs. John di Zerega, Mrs. Henry L. Burnett, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Clendennin, Miss Livingston, Admiral and Mrs. Schley, Bishop Potter, Mrs. Livingston, and many others. Mr. Hayward is engaged on portraits of several prominent Toronto people, and has so many friends here that I give the above function a place in our columns for their perusal.

Mrs. A. H. Munro of Brantford is the guest of Mrs. T. H. Scarfe, 34 Ulster street.

Miss Irene Somerville returned last week from Ottawa. Miss Louie Jones has returned from a long visit to friends in New York. To-day Mrs. Jones gives a charming luncheon to girl friends of Miss Temple Dixon, in celebration of her birthday and coming of age.

Last evening a very jolly dinner was given to some of the "bulls and bears" of the Stock Exchange by Major Pel-



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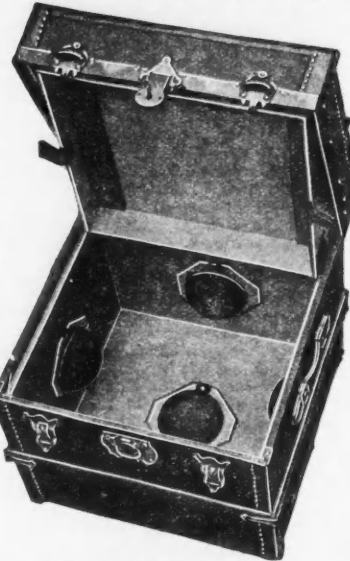
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Julian Sale

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I am told that the menu card was most original and apt, and the fun fast and furious. The guests were charmed with the beautiful "salle a manger" with its wonderful electric lighting and its carved Florentine furniture, and the jolly Major left nothing undone to ensure the enjoyment of the various "beasties" of the Toronto Wall street.

Mrs. Kearns, who is so popular a member of society, has gone to New York to visit her family.

Among the visitors in town for the Yacht Club dance were Miss Boucher, of Peterboro'; Mrs. Southam and Miss Southam, of Hamilton; Miss Wisner, of Brantford; Mr. Muir, of Pittsburg; Miss Lalla Culbertson, of Buffalo; Miss Wallbridge, of New York; Miss Thornton, of Buffalo; Mr. Culverwell; Miss Mowat, of Belleville; Miss Ruth Barnes and Miss Mackay, of Hamilton, and Mrs. McCuaig, of Montreal.

Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn has been confined to bed with gripe. Mr. Cockburn very kindly presided in her place at the meeting arranged for the reception to Colonel Lessard this evening, and gently guided the many wishes and propositions of the ladies into union and concord.

Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge are rejoicing over the return of Mr. Gavin Wallbridge from South Africa. A pretty episode of his return was the gift to aid in decorating his home in Madison Avenue of a beautiful silk flag, sent with congratulations from neighbors across the street. Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel.

Miss Katharine Birnie, assisted by Miss Fannie Brouse, and several other talented musicians, gives a piano recital in the theater of the Normal School next Tuesday evening.

Mr. Charles De Lisle, the "Shenan" of Giddy-Giddy-Sandfield, and the gigantic Highlander of Bisleys fame, was not able to come home with his comrades from the war, having unfortunately been poisoned on the way, and being so ill at Capetown as to be sent home to England. All Charlie's good friends are disappointed greatly.

Considerate.

Ackers—Well, how am I to-day, doctor?
Dr. Healey—You are doing very well;

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

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SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT CARNATION.

Pick one pint of ripe strawberries, wash and let drain on a sieve. Make a hard sauce in the usual way. Split six Biscuits, put them in the oven until they become hot. Cut the strawberries in slices; mix with the hard sauce. Place the Biscuit back together with a spoonful of the sauce between and on top of it. Serve while very hot.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS AND RHUBARB CUSTARD.

Trim the ends of the Biscuits to fit crosswise in a square loaf cake tin. Remove the center by digging in each end. Fill the cavity with stewed rhubarb; put them in the cake tin after it has been slightly greased and dusted with coarse granulated sugar. Pour on enough plain custard to cover the Biscuits. Bake in a slow oven. When done put away until it becomes cold. Then turn bottom side up on a square platter and it will be easily removed. Garnish with chopped jelly. Serve.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS AND CHICKEN LIVERS A LA CREME.

Soak the chicken livers in milk overnight to remove the bitter taste. Drain, press dry in a towel. Saute in butter. When done remove from the pan. Rub in enough flour in the remaining butter to make a roux, add some sweet cream,

stir briskly to make a smooth sauce. Put the livers into a clean saucepan, strain on the sauce, season, and simmer for fifteen minutes or while a cavity is being made in the required number of Biscuits. Then dish in the livers. Serve as an entree.

CURRIED VEAL IN SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS.

Prepare curried veal in the usual way. Form the Biscuits into shells or cases. Fill the cavity with the curry. Garnish the top of each biscuit with a stuffed mushroom.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS, LEMON BUTTER A LA MERINGUE.

Form six Biscuits into shells by removing an oblong piece from the top. Prepare a lemon butter as follows:

1 pint water
2 ounces flour
2 ounces butter
5 ounces sugar
2 lemons and the yellows of four eggs.
Put the water to boil in a farina boiler with the grated rinds of the lemons. Add the butter and sugar; when it has cooked about twenty minutes strain out the rinds and return to the fire. Mix the flour and the lemon juice together to make a smooth paste. If necessary add a little cold water. Whip it briskly into the boiling mixture. Lastly, slightly dilute the egg yolks and add. Fill the cavity with the cream. Ornament the top with meringue. Serve on a lace paper.

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Scattering Good Seed.

The Independent Order of Foresters have issued one of the most attractive calendars of the year. It is of a symbolic character, and represents the familiar form of the Supreme Chief Ranger, Dr. Oronhyatekha, sowing the golden grain of Love, Benevolence and Charity—three of the watch-words of the Order. Various flags and bits of scenery in the background represent the almost world-wide territory covered by the Order, as the direct result of the Supreme Chief's many trips abroad and his vigorous expansionist policy. On the corner of the card is set forth that the Order has 175,000 members, and a surplus of \$4,450,000. These calendars may be obtained by calling at the Temple Building or sending a postcard.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Porter—Jan. 14th, at 210 Bloor street west, Mrs. (Dr.) George D. Porter, of a son.
Catto—Jan. 13th, Mrs. Charles J. Catto, a son.
Suckling—Jan. 11th, Mrs. I. E. Suckling, a daughter.
Smith—Jan. 10th, Mrs. Ernest Brown Smith, a daughter.
McCarthy—Jan. 12th, Mrs. T. E. McCarthy, a son.
McIntosh—Jan. 14th, Mrs. Hugh F. McIntosh, a daughter.
Bailey—Jan. 13th, Mrs. Charles L. Bailey, a son.
Torrance—Jan. 16th, Mrs. William Percy Torrance, a daughter.
Hanna—Jan. 11th, Mrs. S. E. Hanna, a daughter.
Stewart—Jan. 16th, Mrs. L. B. Stewart, a son.

Marriages.

Giffin—Brady—Dec. 31st, in Hamilton, Michael J. Giffin to Mary Grace Brady, both of Toronto.
Paul—Nichols—On Jan. 15th, at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, John Yates Paul, of Pittsburg, Pa., to Leila Bower Nicholas, of Toronto.
Taylor—Croft—Jan. 12th, Wm. B. Taylor to Minnie May Croft.
Palmer—Parker—Jan. 3rd, Charles Wm. Jarvis Palmer to Alice Gertrude Parker.
Hickling—Armstrong—Jan. 9th, Frederick H. W. Hickling to Adelaide R. Armstrong.
Dodd—Lace—Jan. 10th, Capt. George L. A. Dodd to Marie Dwyer Lace.

Deaths.

Corrigan—Jan. 13th, Annie E. Corrigan, in her 21st year.
Fisher—Jan. 14th, Amy Elizabeth Fisher, aged 22.
Graveley—Jan. 13th, Henry Locock Graveley.
Knox—Jan. 13th, Catherine Knox, in her 79th year.
Lean—Jan. 11th, Elizabeth Lean, in her 78th year.
Stockdale—Jan. 12th, Edith Stockdale, in her 20th year.
Tyrwhitt—Jan. 13th, Septimus Tyrwhitt, in his 86th year.
Roper—Jan. 12th, Ernest Edward Roper, aged 29.
Allen—Jan. 11th, James Allen, aged 32.
Hewari—Jan. 13th, Wm. Howard, in his 76th year.
Park—Dec. 30th, Jeannie Ballingall Todd, the sister of Mrs. John L. Blaikie, Toronto.
Smith—Jan. 12th, infant daughter of Ernest and Daisy Brown Smith.
McGregor—Jan. 13th, Janet Isabel McGregor, aged 6 years.
Groat—Jan. 15th, John H. Groat, aged 66.
Moore—Jan. 15th, Annie Moore, in her 62nd year.
Smith—Jan. 13th, Henry Smith, in his 66th year.
Stump—Jan. 15th, Catharine Black Stump.
White—Jan. 14th, Clara Lear White.
Baker—Jan. 16th, Joseph W. Baker, aged 25 years 10 months.
Jones—Jan. 15th, Wm. R. Jones, in his 80th year.
Mason—Jan. 16th, Wm. Mason, in his 46th year.
Cahill—Jan. 16th, D'Arcy Edwin Cahill, in his eighth year.